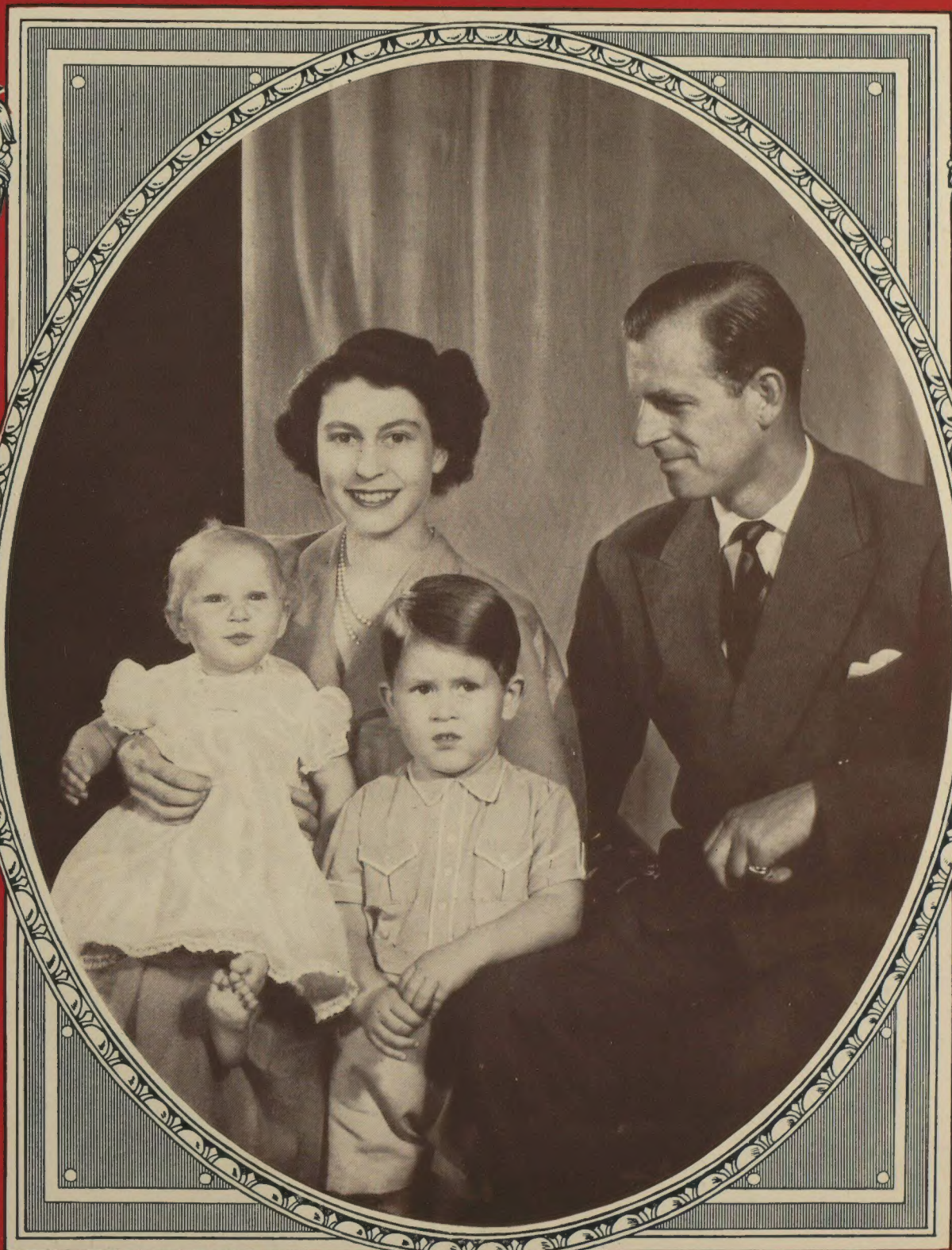


# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

THE ROYAL HOME-COMING.



A FAMILY REUNITED.  
Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh with their children.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KARSH OF OTTAWA



# Dear Harry...



WELLINGTON HOTEL  
BUENOS AIRES  
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Dear Harry:

It's all settled! Mendoza signed the contract three hours after I reached B.A. We got on famously; I was in great form. Admittedly, coming here by Argonaut Speedbird would build up anyone's ego. What a flight - smooth as Ted's drive straight down the fairway! Superb food and drink en route - complimentary, of course - and the kind of service that's so efficient you scarcely notice it. The time saved by flying comes in useful. I'm dropping off in Rio tomorrow to see B.J. Then back by B.O.A.C. to London. You're free for our usual Saturday game, I hope? By the way, push on Mendoza's order. He expects Speedbird service from us, too!

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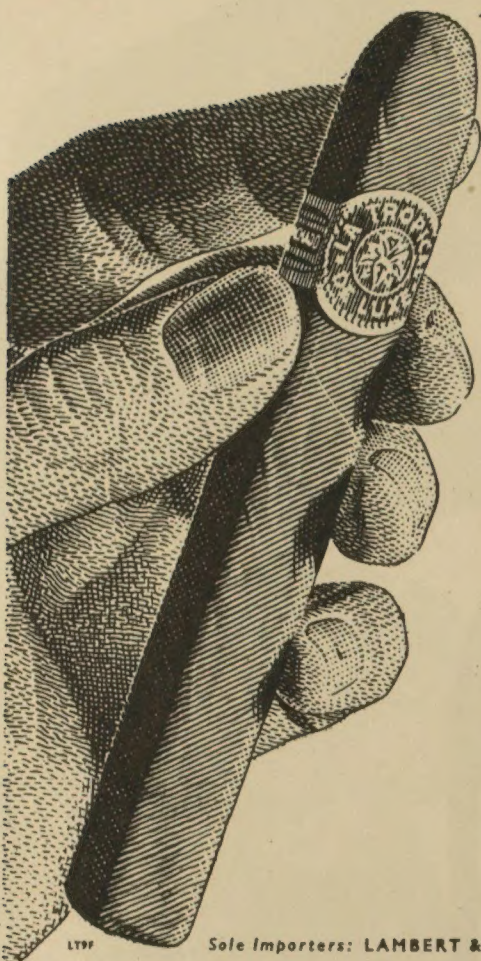
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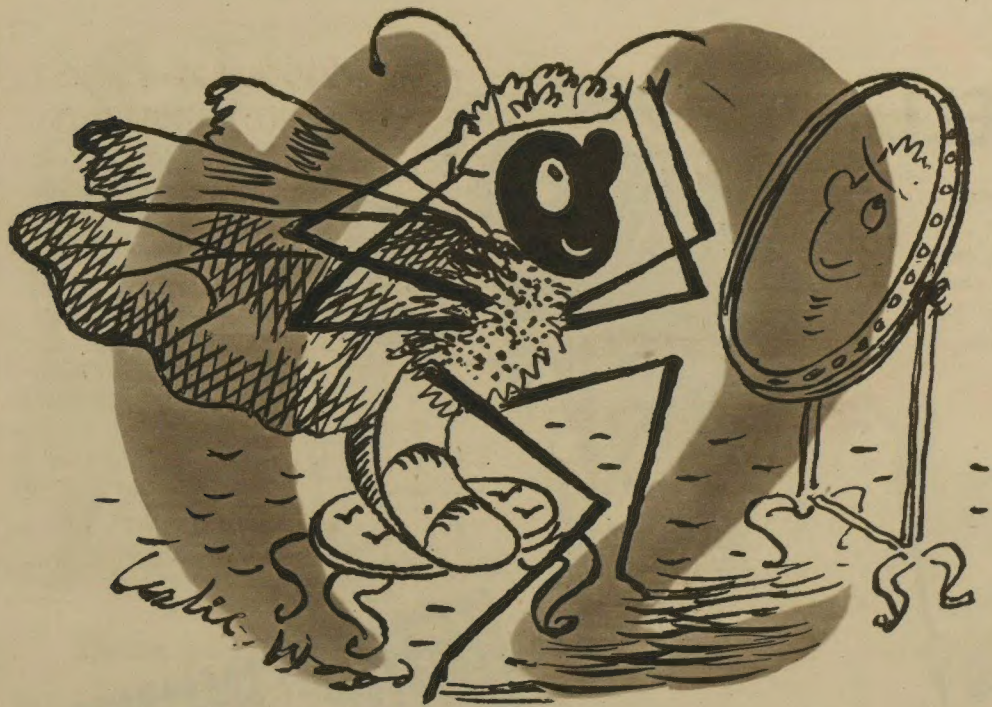
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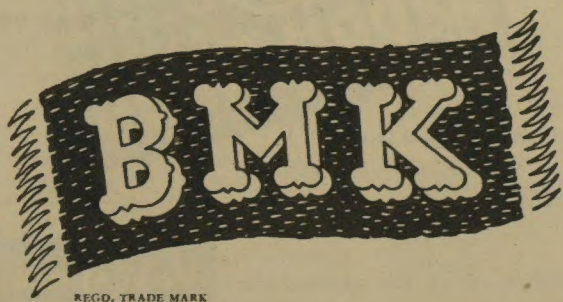


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**CARPETS AND  
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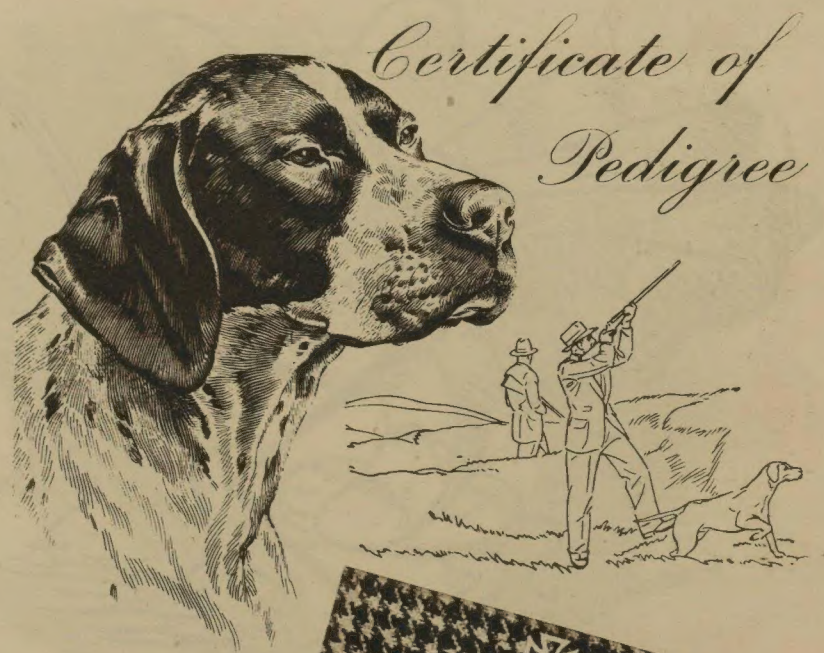
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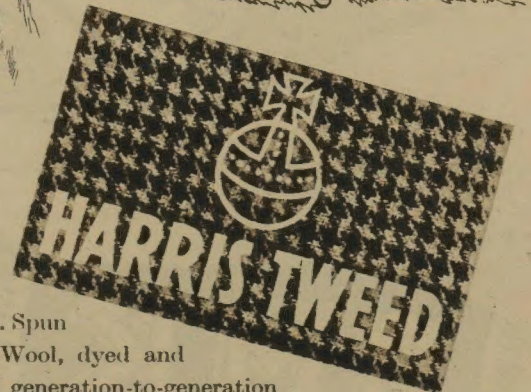
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# How many lumps?

A year or two ago Monsanto agricultural chemists began experimental work on sugar plantations, and they have already assisted some remarkable increases in productivity. The tests were conducted mainly in the Caribbean area, but the results apply wherever sugar cane is grown.

Pentachlorophenol figured largely in these tests and was shown to provide a far more effective method of killing weeds, and usually a cheaper one, than the traditional hoeing by hand. Fewer weeds, more sugar. Lower costs, cheaper sugar.

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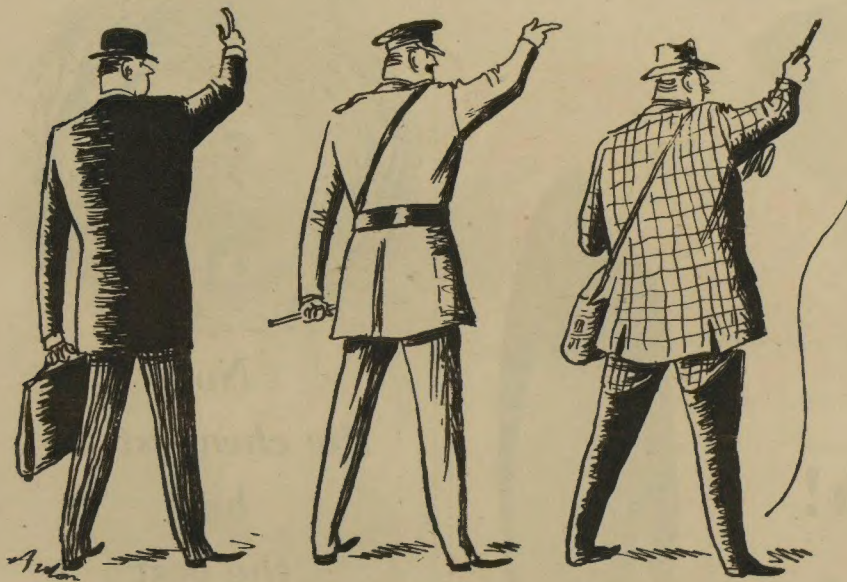
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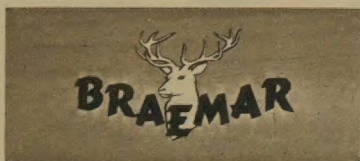
## Three gentlemen with a secret

There's a special art about being a Briton. To do it well, you have to know how to live in these Islands and survive the cold, damp winter. Our three gentlemen have found the answer. They sport Braemar underwear.

The first gentleman hails from the City. He knows that Braemar, though expensive, is a sound investment. It lasts a lifetime. His tailor, incidentally, advises Braemar, as it fits neatly beneath his suits. The second gentleman has spent most of his life in warmer climates, and wears Braemar to keep alive in winter. His doctor tells him that Braemar is the best thing for his joints. The third gentleman likes the flight of a bird and the rise of a trout. He has found that

only Braemar underwear keeps him warm when the north wind blows. Their 2-ply reinforcement where it really counts means real comfort and long wear.

Braemars, hand-finished and shrink resistant, are made in pure wool, pure silk or silk and wool. They are stocked by better outfitters at tax-free prices from about £3.10 a set to prices that may sound high but give ultimate value. Be comfortable—invest in Braemar underwear.



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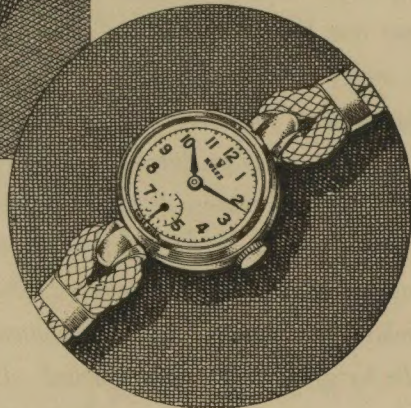
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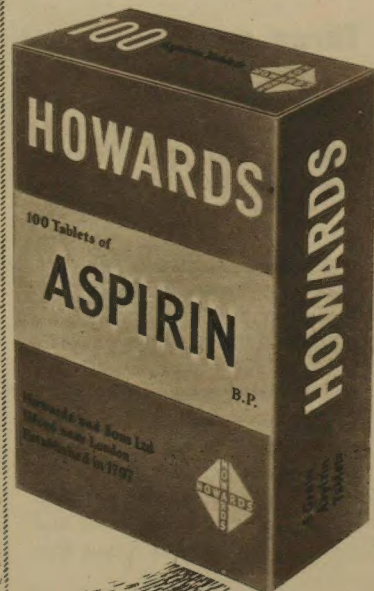
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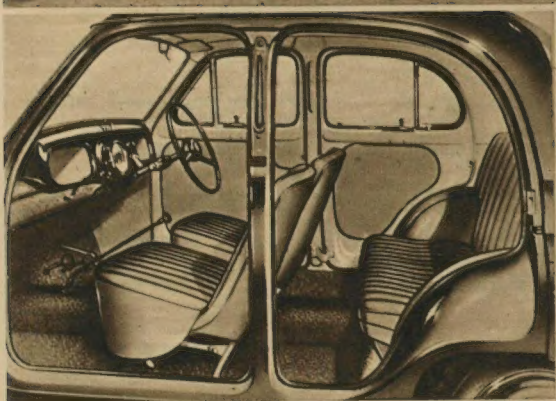
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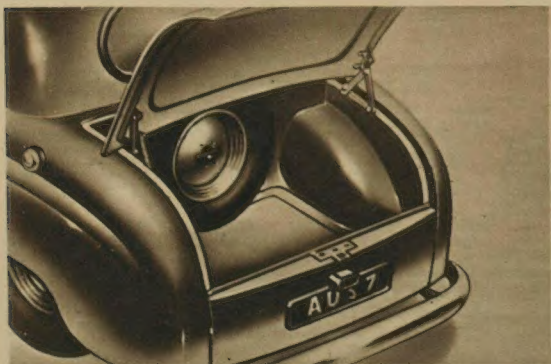






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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1951.



THE ROYAL FAMILY REUNION AT EUSTON ON NOVEMBER 17; PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WELCOMED HOME FROM CANADA BY THE QUEEN, PRINCE CHARLES AND PRINCESS MARGARET.

Prince Charles, three-year-old son of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, came with his grandmother, the Queen, and his aunt, Princess Margaret, to Euston to welcome his parents on their arrival in London from Liverpool, where they had disembarked after their historic journey in Canada and visit to the United States. It is understood that this was a last-minute decision on the part of her Majesty, as the little Prince was so excited at the prospect of seeing his

mother and father again, and so anxious to greet them at the station. As the Royal train drew in, he began to dance with joy as he saw them at the windows. Princess Elizabeth stepped on to the platform and kissed her mother and sister, and then stooped to embrace her little son and the Duke greeted him by ruffling his hair. Prince Charles quickly noticed the five members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police who had accompanied the Princess and the Duke from Canada.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

EVER since the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh flew across the Atlantic to Canada the accounts of their triumphant tour have been pouring into this country. Now, at the time of writing, they are themselves on their way back, and long before this page appears will have been welcomed home by the people of these islands and of the Imperial Capital. Wherever they have gone they have helped to awaken the mysterious sense of social brotherhood and communion which is the cement of political communities and to strengthen the bonds which bind the people of Britain to the people of Canada. It is doubtful whether any measure sponsored and carried through by any statesman or administrator in either country in the past decade has done more, or as much, to achieve these great ends. When one reflects on the amount of money that is spent in the ordinary course on legislation and Governmental administration, the economic advantages—even if no other—of the British hereditary and constitutional monarchy begin to be apparent. For it effects something, at a modest cost, that can otherwise be effected, if at all, in a far more expensive and less direct manner. It speaks, like the tower of a mediæval cathedral, to the heart of those whom it is sought, in the interests of humanity, to bind together. And though the head, the intellect, is an indispensable part in the creation of any political union—that supreme miracle, as it always seems to me, of human evolution—there is still so much that the head cannot do that the heart can. One has only to think of the problem of getting a family, or two or three neighbours, or a board of directors, to act together with efficiency and without friction to realise how true this is. And how much more true it must be when the union to be effected is one of vast communities, scattered across the globe's surface and peopled by millions of men and women of diverse races, creeds and tongues.

Let us admit at the outset, what everyone in Britain and Canada knows, and now knows even better than he did a few weeks ago, that one of the chief reasons why this remarkable institution of ours, the British hereditary and constitutional monarchy, works so well is that the little handful of men and women on whose personal lives, and service the institution depends fulfil their peculiar functions with such flawless devotion and efficiency. No one who has not experienced it can have any idea of what the fulfilment of even a tithe of the duties that the Princess and Duke have been called upon to carry out in the last few weeks can involve in the way of nervous, spiritual and physical exhaustion. Only one who has served a long and arduous apprenticeship in such duties could have carried them out without some visible and occasional signs of ordinary human frailty, irritation and pettiness: signs that would be natural enough in any ordinary man or woman, but which, in the peculiar circumstances in which members of the Royal family are placed, could do untold harm. And the Princess and Duke of Edinburgh have turned their ceaseless and tremendous journeyings across a continent and through the heart of two great nations—Canada and the United States—into a personal and international triumph. The two words which the King is reported to have sent to them at the conclusion of their task, summarised the feeling of millions. Those words were: "Well done!"

The vast inajority of British and Canadian men and women, and of men and women all over the great British-made international union we call the Commonwealth of Nations, know all this instinctively without being

able to rationalise it. They can, indeed, see no need to rationalise it, and in a sense they are right. Yet for the sake of those who do not understand, in a world which has still much progress to make to equal Britain's peaceful and enduring political achievement, a little rational explanation of what so many take and accept for granted can serve some purpose. Before me as I write lie the political musings of a newspaper columnist of the Californian city of Los Angeles: a very important, yet judging by the artistic products of its suburb, Hollywood, not a very realistic place. "Princess Elizabeth," this gossamer thinker from his western Ivory Tower proclaims, "was hailed through Canada, and in Washington, as a superwoman. The fact is she is nothing of the sort. She is like millions and millions of other women throughout the world—kind, gracious, but with no extraordinary talent. Can you," the commentator continues, "imagine 'South Pacific' with Princess Elizabeth and not Mary Martin in the leading rôle? Can you imagine her jumping at the horse show with Mrs. Clare Durand of the American equestrian team? Would you bet on her against the best shot in this country?" To which, answering his own question, he replies: "No, you wouldn't," and leaves off his argument as though he had proved something profound. But all he has said, when one reflects on it, is that the Princess Elizabeth has not been trained as a musical-comedy actress, a circus rider or a crack marksman, nor possesses, presumably—whether she does or not is utterly irrelevant—special talent for any of these specialist callings. What she has been trained for, superbly trained, and what she indubitably possesses the highest natural talents for—grace, courtesy, charm, tact, high consideration for others, selflessness—is her own peculiar function: one, which I would suggest in all humility, is far more valuable to the peace, unity and well-being of a troubled world than the talented activities of Mary Martin, Mrs. Durand or the lady marksman of our Californian columnist's admiring vision. The Princess, armed with a rifle, might not be able to hit the bull's-eye on a paper target, but, armed with the panoply of an immense and intricate unifying institution which has taken a thousand years and more of human endeavour to evolve—an instrument far more wonderful and far-reaching in its effects than any rifle—she has simultaneously hit the bull's-eye in millions of living human hearts. And the effect of hitting that political bull's-eye is to make men a little more ready to work together for a high and common purpose than they were before.

Indeed, this incorruptible and pea-green republican columnist, in his staunch and old-fashioned dislike of what he calls the British Empire, goes on to give his own case away. "I have yet," he writes, "to read any article saying why they came over here. The King was ill and the children had to be left behind. They were here to try to breathe life into the gasping empire." And making all due allowance for the fact that the Commonwealth, to give it its modern and more correctly descriptive name (for an Empire involves an Emperor, like Stalin, and imperial governing institutions like the Supreme Soviet and the Politburo, and where, in the self-governing independent nations of the Commonwealth are these?), is not so "gasping" after all, there is much truth in the columnist's conjecture. That is what the Princess and the Duke went, at the invitation of the Canadian Government and people, to do. That is what they have achieved, And that is why millions of his Majesty's free but loyal subjects, all the world over, echo his words of praise and high approval: "Well done!"

#### THE END OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN TOUR.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH BEFORE SAILING FOR HOME: THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES WAVING GOOD-BYE TO CANADA.

Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh sailed for home from St. John's, Newfoundland, on November 12, in rough weather with high seas running. The *Empress of Scotland* was anchored four miles off the coast, and they went out to her in the small ferry *Maneco* from the village of Portugal Cove. After a rolling voyage of some thirty minutes they came alongside the liner, from which they waved as she put out to sea. Writing of the Royal tour on this page, Arthur Bryant points out: "... the Princess and the Duke have turned their ceaseless and tremendous journeyings across a continent and through the heart of two great nations—Canada and the United States—into a personal and international triumph." In a letter which Mr. St. Laurent read to the House of Commons in Ottawa on November 14 Princess Elizabeth expressed the gratitude which she and the Duke of Edinburgh feel to the Prime Minister and his colleagues for having given them "so great an experience on this journey across Canada." She continued: "The welcome we received on all sides has far exceeded anything we could have believed possible."





THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF HIS MAJESTY TO BE TAKEN SINCE HIS OPERATION IN SEPTEMBER: THE KING WITH THE QUEEN AND THEIR GRANDCHILDREN AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

These portrait groups of the King and Queen with their grandchildren, Prince Charles and Princess Anne, son and daughter of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, show what good progress his Majesty has made since his serious operation last September. They are the first photographs of him since his illness, and were taken at Buckingham Palace on November 14, the third birthday of Prince Charles. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, who were due to arrive at Liverpool on Saturday morning,

November 17, and to reach London at 3.5 p.m. in the afternoon, sent greetings by radio to Prince Charles for his birthday, and he received gifts from them which had been chosen and left in readiness before their departure. A small children's party was given at Buckingham Palace in his honour. Their Royal Highnesses accepted a number of presents for their baby son and daughter during their tour in the Dominion of Canada. Princess Anne was born on August 15, 1950, and is thus just over a year old.



ON November 10 four Governments, those of the United States, the United Kingdom, France and Turkey, issued a statement about their decision to set up a Middle East Command. After what must be regarded as a formal bow to the United Nations in the first clause, to the effect that its organisation permits its member States to undertake the initial defence of areas in which they are concerned, the statement goes on to more definite matters. It makes the premise that the defence of the Middle East is of vital importance to the free world and requires international co-operation to render it effective. It announces that a Middle East Command is to be set up as a centre of co-operation for the whole area—that is, including territories other than those in which forces of the sponsoring Powers are now stationed. One of the functions of the command will therefore be to give aid to States which are willing to join and to develop their capacity to play a part in defence.

Initially, the chief tasks of the command will be advice and training for the States which require it, and planning for the future. It will also act as assessor and co-ordinator of requests for arms and equipment put forward by States desiring to join. A Supreme Allied Commander, Middle East, will be appointed and designated to command all the forces of States already in the command or which may enter it; but it will not be compulsory for States joining the command to place their forces under his command in time of peace, and movements of forces will be made by him only by agreement with the States affected and in accordance with national sovereignty. (This is an important consideration, to which I shall return later.) It is to be an integrated, allied, not national, command. All States joining will be associated on the basis of equality by means of a Middle East defence liaison organisation, within the headquarters. (This may seem a little obscure, but joining seems to be the important word. Obviously the sponsoring Powers are not represented by a liaison organisation—they provide the staff itself. I would put it that two degrees of membership are proposed: sponsoring members and associates.) All facilities granted to the command by joining States will be subject to specific agreements.

Other "club rules" are that all States must act in the best interests of co-operative defence, but that the national interests of particular States will not be furthered by the agency of the command. One of the main objects of the command will be so to reduce deficiencies that the peacetime rôle of States which join the Middle East Command may be increased, while that of States which do not territorially form part of the Middle East decreases. (In other words, the whole weight of Middle East defence has hitherto lain on the shoulders of the United States and, even more, of Britain. If other States can be made capable of playing a greater part in future, some of this burden can be removed.) The statement concludes by announcing that the Governments of the sponsoring Powers do not regard the initial form of the Middle East Command as unalterable.

Those who had to negotiate these arrangements did their work at a difficult moment. The controversy with Egypt was at its height, and she had firmly refused to enter a defence pact. The other Arab States were obviously hesitant on the subject. Israel was not quite sure what her attitude should be—partly because she was by no means united internally—but was, on the whole, pleased that Egypt, her *bête noire* among the Arab States, had refused the opportunity offered her of becoming a partner of the United States and Britain in Middle East defence. It seems to me that the uncertainties and the positive hatreds within the Middle East area are responsible for what would otherwise be considered vagueness and timidity in the statement quoted above, and may serve as their excuse. For example, we have all seen in the Western Union military organisation, now defunct and succeeded by S.H.A.P.E., an example of a command which was hopelessly handicapped

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. MIDDLE EAST COMMAND.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

because the obligations which it involved were too loose, so that the military effort eventually died down for want of political support. The Middle East Command will have to face a similar risk. Yet the reply to such a criticism must be that it is better for it to do so than to miss a possible opportunity of drawing together the States of the Middle East in some degree, so that they may at least co-operate in measures for defence.

The same argument must apply to the clause which permits States to join the command without placing their forces under the order of the Supreme Allied Commander in time of peace and debars him from moving forces in their territories without special agreements. Again it was a weakness of Western Union that the Commander-in-Chief's authority was formal rather than real. Yet if there was reason to suppose that States would not join without such a condition, then it can be pleaded that it was wise to put it forward. Finally, were, let us say, six States to join, it would be impracticable that all of them should enter the Middle East Command on the same level as the four sponsoring Powers. Confusion would result from overloading the staff with representatives of small and, in some cases, primitive countries, which can have few, if any, trained staff officers to spare. The solution put forward, that of associating all joining

of national sovereignty. They are now aware that this is not the case. As I have shown, every possible feature which might lead to such infringements has been carefully excluded. Then there is the case of Israel. The wording of the statement by the four Powers makes it clear that any State can join without entering into closer relations with other joining States. This would certainly afford

Israel an opportunity of joining without abandoning her case against her neighbours, though it cannot be imagined that the liaison organisation would be a very happy or useful department of the Middle East Command if she were to enter it on terms of bitter enmity to the Arabs. Once again, prophecy about the action of Israel is difficult and hardly worth while. While the attitude of the Government is generally favourable to the West, elements of considerable strength are hostile to it. Here only time can show what the policy will be, and it may not, as I write, have been fixed.

One comment which occurs to me is on the evidence we now possess that the United States has abandoned the sceptical attitude which it used to maintain about the strategic value of the Middle East. The United States Government has taken a prominent, perhaps a preponderant, part in the negotiations and has clearly been converted to the traditional British opinion. I also feel more strongly than ever that our own Government was to blame in the spirit of lethargy and carelessness with which it tackled the affair of the Canal Zone. I have been informed by observers who were on the spot that the likelihood of events moving as they recently have in Egypt was generally accepted for the past couple of years. Nothing was done; no concrete proposals were put forward. The Egyptian action was clearly unpardonable, but it was at least

explicable in view of the frustration which attended all its efforts to clarify the situation. The third reflection is that, even supposing the most favourable and satisfactory form of settlement, matters can never return to their former state. The whole system of Middle East defence must be revised from top to bottom. The adherence of Turkey to the North Atlantic Treaty in itself transforms the situation. The new status of Greece—one of the few nations in Europe which could put forces of a certain strength into the field on a war footing without the slightest delay—is also of importance.

I have often written—the last occasion was only a few weeks ago—of the value of Egypt as a

central base in the system of Middle East defence and of the difficulty of creating a strong structure in default of full Egyptian participation. I do not now go back upon my words. It is possible, however, that the part of Egypt will in future be diminished. If so, her own attitude will be largely responsible, but the new position of Turkey may also play a part. It looks as though the general effect of this will be to advance the zone of defence a great deal farther to the north. I do not envy the task of the planners who have to sit down and think out the question of Middle East communications in time of war, especially if they have to do so without knowing the attitude of countries whose territories would be concerned or whether their animosities are likely to be eternal. However, though this task may be more intricate and puzzling than that of dealing with the defence of Western Europe, defence itself should not be more difficult. The Middle East can be made defensible with very much smaller resources than Western Europe, because it is better favoured by the ground. If communications give the defence command a headache, they must be a nightmare to a command concerned with aggression. Waterless deserts, gigantic mountains, huge stretches of roadless country all contribute to the defence of the Middle East from the north. Dangerous avenues of approach indeed exist, but it is possible to concentrate strength upon them, whereas in Europe every mile of front is practicable and roads are innumerable. I trust that the latest steps by the four Powers will mark good progress in securing the safety of this area.

OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO THE FREE WORLD: THE MIDDLE EAST.



"AN INTEGRATED, ALLIED, NOT NATIONAL, COMMAND": THE PROPOSED MIDDLE EAST COMMAND—A MAP WHICH INCLUDES THE VITAL AREA IN WHICH DEFENCE AGAINST OUTSIDE AGGRESSION CAN BE SECURED ONLY BY CO-OPERATION OF ALL INTERESTED STATES.

On November 10 the United Kingdom, the United States, France and Turkey issued a joint statement on the purposes and principles of the proposed Middle East Command. New Zealand, Australia and South Africa formally associated themselves with the declaration. In his article on this page Captain Falls discusses the four-Power proposals for the Middle East, an area which was once known as the Near East, and comments on the first reactions of some of the countries most closely concerned, and also sums up a number of the outstanding problems attending the vital task of Middle East defence. The four-Power declaration makes it clear that they intend to proceed with the building of a Middle East Command in spite of Egyptian objections, although it is hoped that Egypt will eventually see her way to join the command. It is emphatically stated that the command will not interfere with the sovereign rights of the Middle East States.

Map copyright by "Geographia" Ltd.

States on the basis of equality by means of a Middle East defence liaison organisation, appears to be the only practicable one.

These arrangements are of interest when we come to apply them to the case of Egypt, as is the clause which lays it down that all facilities granted to the Middle East Command would be subject to specific agreements with the Governments concerned. The other Governments of the Arab League have come to the conclusion that the proposals are worthy of consideration and have, at the time of writing, shown no intention of rejecting them, as Egypt has. It must be said frankly, on the other hand, that Egypt has given no hint that she might reconsider her decision, and that recent incidents in the Canal Zone are not conducive to cool thinking. I cannot prophesy what the upshot will be. I am, however, on safe ground when I say that if the other Arab States were to give a favourable reply to the proposal, Egypt might conceivably do so likewise, even if not at once; if, on the other hand, they decided to stay out, her determination to do so would be strengthened and confirmed. The Syrian Government has split and resigned over this question, and the Prime Minister, Hassan Hakim, has reproached his Foreign Minister for an unauthorised attack on Western policy.

At the moment, the sponsoring Powers appear to be more interested in the reactions of the other Arab States than in those of Egypt. The Egyptian Government had told its allies in the Arab League that the setting-up of a Middle East Command and the creation of a defence pact would lead to grave infringements



# FLOOD HAVOC IN ITALY AND SWITZERLAND: SCENES OF A GREAT DISASTER.



AFTER FOUR DAYS OF RAIN HAD PUT PARTS OF THE CITY UNDER 3 TO 5 FT. OF WATER: A GONDOLA IN DIFFICULTIES IN FRONT OF THE DOGE'S PALACE IN VENICE.



FLOODED VENICE: BOATS CROSSING ST. MARK'S SQUARE, SHOWING THE BASILICA OF ST. MARK ON THE RIGHT—TORRENTIAL RAIN CAUSED THE CANALS TO OVERFLOW.



AWAITING RESCUE BY FIREMEN: THE OCCUPANTS OF HOUSES ON THE NORTHERN OUTSKIRTS OF MILAN LOOK DOWN ON THE FLOODED COURTYARD FROM THEIR BALCONIES.



AFTER FLOOD-WATER HAD UNDERMINED THE ROADWAY: A VIEW OF THE TURIN TO MILAN HIGHWAY, WHICH WAS BROKEN UP FOR A DISTANCE OF 100 YARDS.



THE RIVER PO IN FLOOD: A VIEW SHOWING THE RAILWAY BRIDGE CARRYING THE MAIN LINE NEAR PIACENZA ALMOST SUBMERGED AND A HOUSEBOAT ADRIFT (LEFT).

On November 8 it was reported that, following 42 hours of torrential rain, extensive damage had been caused by flooding in Liguria, Piedmont and Lombardy and that a landslide had obstructed a tunnel on the Genoa to Milan motor road. On November 9 Monza and some northern districts of Milan were flooded by the waters of the Rivers Lambro and Seveso following a rainfall which in twenty-four hours exceeded the average for the whole month of November, while Genoa reported 18 ins. of rain in two days of almost continuous cloudburst. On November 11 the death-roll in Italy had risen to 26 and the River Po had



FLOODS IN SWITZERLAND: A VIEW IN LUGANO WHEN THE LAKE SWEEPED OVER ITS BANKS AFTER TORRENTIAL RAIN AND INUNDATED THE STREETS.

reached the danger-level near Cremona and Ferrara, while flooding had been reported on the French Riviera, in Portugal and in Switzerland, where the Lake of Lugano overflowed and flooded the houses on the quay. By November 12 the River Po at Piacenza had reached a height of 25 ft., 6 ft. above the danger-level. On the following day the storms of the north spread to Tuscany and a church tower collapsed at Marradi, killing two people. On November 14 the Po rose 10 ins. above the highest level recorded for a century and on the following day burst its dykes at several places in its lower reaches.



## ON THE ALERT AGAINST THE COMMUNIST THREAT TO MALAYA'S ECONOMY: MANAGERS AND WORKERS.



GUARDED BY MALAY SPECIAL CONSTABLES RIDING IN AN IMPROVISED ARMoured CAR: LABOURERS ON THEIR WAY TO WORK A TIN-DREDGE NORTH OF KUALA LUMPUR.



INSPECTING MALAY SPECIAL CONSTABLES GUARDING THE ENTRANCE TO A SETTLEMENT VILLAGE: THE MANAGER OF AN ESTATE IN SOUTH-WEST SELANGOR.



USED BY TIN-MINE MANAGERS FOR TOURS OF INSPECTION: AN IMPROVISED ARMoured CAR HAVING A STEEL PLATE, WITH A SLIT FOR VISION, OVER THE WINDSCREEN.

The recent increase in Communist terrorist activities in Malaya presents a serious challenge to the economy of the country. After more than three years of unrelieved strain, the threat of violent death still hangs over the heads of Europeans and many Asians. There are daily reports of brutal ambushing of planters and miners, but this increased terrorist activity is believed to represent only the first phase of a new Communist campaign. Fears have been



THE ENTRANCE TO A CHINESE-OWNED MINE IN NORTHERN SELANGOR, SHOWING THE WATCH-TOWER ON THE LEFT AND THE POLICE POST (RIGHT).



EVER ON THE ALERT: A GUARD AT A TYPICAL CHINESE-OWNED MINE. BANDITS HAVE TRIED IN VAIN TO CLOSE DOWN MINES SIMILAR TO THIS ONE.

expressed that the attack which is now developing may prove to be the most serious attempt yet made by the Communists to seize power. The announcement of the visit to Malaya by Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, has been warmly welcomed, as was the news that General Sir Rob Lockhart, who succeeds Lieut.-General Sir Harold Briggs this month, was to be given wider authority to direct the war against the terrorists.



## THE TERRORISTS' NEW CAMPAIGN IN MALAYA: RUINED RUBBER-TREES AND THREATS TO ESTATE WORKERS.

MANY rubber-estates in Malaya have been paralysed as a result of the new Communist terrorist campaign directed against the workers. Thousands of rubber-trees have been ruined by the Communists, who have also distributed leaflets threatening death to any worker who refused to strike until wages were increased and food was distributed free in unlimited quantities. In defiance of threats "to nail them to rubber-trees" if they worked, some 3000 Indian and Chinese rubber-estate workers returned to their jobs on November 15, but rubber officials said that if there was further terrorism trouble was likely to spread. *The Times* Special Correspondent, writing from Kuala Lumpur on November 15, says: "While the terror exists labourers will refuse to work unless they are adequately protected, which is impossible. Reluctant strikes must therefore be accepted as unavoidable." Tactical movement of vehicles on estate roads is generally impossible, and the only protection against ambush is armour. A conventional armoured vehicle is of very little use, however, and even the addition of armour-plating may in some circumstances prove a handicap. Heavy vehicles are apt to be bogged directly they leave the roads. A type of improvised armoured car which is being used by estate managers on tours of inspection, and to protect workers on their way to and from work, can be seen on the facing page. When General Sir Rob Lockhart, the new director of operations, arrived at Singapore on November 11, he said that the emergency in Malaya was regarded in London as one of the most important problems in the British Commonwealth, and there was no doubt that it was foremost in the minds of the Government.

(RIGHT.) COMPLETELY RING-BARKED AND RUINED BY TERRORISTS: A RUBBER-TREE, ONE OF THOUSANDS WHICH ARE DESTROYED IN THIS WAY EVERY WEEK IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF MALAYA.



THE WORK OF TERRORISTS: RUINED RUBBER-TREES BEARING STRIPS OF PAPER WARNING ESTATE WORKERS TO STOP WORKING OR TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES.



## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



ALTHOUGH there are some two dozen known species of *Omphalodes*, only three of them—no, four—appear to be in general cultivation at the present time.

There may be others lurking in the gardens of specialists, but if there are I, at any rate, have never met them, not even at the shows of the Alpine Garden Society, and most good Alpine and near-Alpine plants find their way to the A.G.S. shows sooner or later.



"IN EFFECT A TALLER, CLUMP-FORMING 'BLUE-EYED MARY'": *Omphalodes cappadocica*, "A BEAUTIFUL, SATISFACTORY AND ALTOGETHER FIRST-RATE PLANT . . . WITH SPRAYS OF BRILLIANT SAPPHIRE FORGET-ME-NOTS."  
Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

The four species which are in cultivation are "Blue-Eyed Mary"—*Omphalodes verna*, *O. cappadocica*, *O. luciliae* and *O. linifolia*. What of the other members of the family? Each of these four is, in its way, such an outstanding charmer that they must surely have one or two lovely relatives. Reginald Farrer mentions several other species of *Omphalodes*, and even describes some of them, though it seems doubtful whether he ever saw them as living growing plants. Farrer had a rare gift for painting word portraits of plants which he had only met as desiccated mummies in herbaria. He mentions a hybrid *O. x florarensis*, which from its name would seem to have originated with the late Dr. Correvon, of Geneva. He gives two Japanese species, *O. ikumae* and *O. japonica*, both of which sound delightful. But it is over *O. rupestris* that he really lets himself go. "*O. rupestris* must be looked for with eager longing in the cliffs between Vladikafkas and Tiflis on Bolta at about 2500 ft. For it bids fair to be the loveliest of all—a compact and dense little tuft all shining with a pure close coat of silver, and not 2 ins. high. The stems hardly emerge from the shining mat of leafage, but throw out very delicate threadlike foot-stalks in all directions, each carrying a single glorious blue flower as large as in *O. cappadocica*, and most lovely to behold, hovering so exquisitely on the gleaming silver cushion, almost as if flowers of *Eritrichium* were beginning to take flight from one of his cushions, feeling that earth is no more worthy of their heavenly beauty." How's that?

Something really ought to be done about introducing *O. rupestris*, if only that we might see whether it can be grown in captivity. It sounds as though it might be as temperamental as Farrer himself. But if it lives up to his portrait, it should shake the A.G.S. to its foundations. The two Japanese species should not be difficult to introduce—if they are not already here. There are plenty of botanists and collectors in Japan from whom seeds might be obtained. "Blue-Eyed Mary," *Omphalodes verna*, is a plant of the greatest

### "BLUE-EYED MARY."

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

beauty which seems to have suffered from its own good nature. It is so easy to grow, and increases so readily, that gardeners and nurserymen have been all too apt to neglect it. In this it is rather like "London Pride," which promptly makes such generous breadths of lustrous green, and produces such innumerable feathery sprays of pale-pink blossom. And the tiny flowers are exquisitely freckled with tiny red and gold spots. But who condescends to stoop and gather such a common flower and examine it closely, or arrange it in a vase of water in the house? And how many nurserymen offer it in their catalogues among their rarer, no less beautiful, but often more difficult saxifrages? Too easy and too common. And so it seems to be with "Blue-Eyed Mary." It likes shade, and in any decent loam it spreads rapidly by means of running stems into wide mats of broad, pointed, almost heart-shaped leaves. It flowers in spring, often starting very early, with 5- or 6-in. stems carrying sprays of brilliant sapphire blossoms like forget-me-nots. It is ideal for planting on the north side of the house, or any other wall, to keep company with Welsh poppies, anemones, polyanthus, primroses, Tiarella, "London Pride," ferns, etc., or for naturalising in the half-shade of trees.

*Omphalodes cappadocica*, known also as *O. cornifolia*, is in effect a taller, clump-forming "Blue-Eyed Mary." It never runs about, but soon forms satisfactory tussocks, which start flowering rather later than *O. verna*, and carry on a good deal later, with sprays of brilliant sapphire forget-me-nots on stems a foot or so tall. It is just as easy to grow as *O. verna*, either in partial shade or full sun, and seems to appreciate the good living of good loam. It may be raised from seed, but is more easily increased by lifting and dividing the clumps.

I would recommend *Omphalodes cappadocica* as a beautiful, satisfactory and altogether first-rate plant. But the reigning beauty of the family is undoubtedly

*Omphalodes luciliae*. A native of Asia Minor, and said to be a cliff-dweller, *luciliae* is, in my experience, a sun-lover. The plant, which is tufted in habit, forms a hard, almost woody base, from which spring many smooth, grey-green leaves and slender trailing stems carrying sprays of big forget-me-not flowers of soft clear pale blue, each of them well over half-an-inch in diameter.

In one of my Alpine houses at Stevenage there was a little rock-garden, built of waterworn Craven limestone, and on this I planted five or six young plants of *Omphalodes luciliae*. They lived and flowered there for quite twenty years, and they were still flourishing and flowering when I visited the Six Hills last summer. Not only did they flower practically the whole year round, winter

and summer, but they seeded freely, and those seeds which were not collected for official sowing fell about, germinated and gave a most welcome supply of youngsters. I have seldom known any Alpine plants flower so persistently—and delightfully—as that little colony of *luciliae*.

There is another colony in an Alpine house here, planted out in a stone trough and, although the house is fiercely ventilated and has no artificial heat, there is still in mid-November a sprinkling of the exquisite flowers on the plants. The accompanying photograph is of a spray or two of one of these plants, spilling down over the side of the trough. There is, too, another planting of *Omphalodes luciliae* here, in the open air. On a raised bed at the foot of a wall, facing south, I arranged three or four chunks of tufa rock, and planted several *luciliae* in the crevices between the rocks. They have grown and flowered well, though, naturally, they do not flower quite so continuously throughout the winter as the others do in the comparative shelter of the Alpine house. As to soil, I recommend a light, well-drained loam which contains a fair amount of nourishment, such as a little old,



"BUT THE REIGNING BEAUTY OF THE FAMILY IS UNDOUBTEDLY *Omphalodes luciliae*" . . . WITH ITS "MANY SMOOTH, GREY-GREEN LEAVES AND SLENDER TRAILING STEMS CARRYING SPRAYS OF BIG FORGET-ME-NOT FLOWERS OF SOFT CLEAR PALE BLUE, EACH OF THEM WELL OVER HALF-AN-INCH IN DIAMETER."  
Photograph by J. R. Jameson.



"EFFECTIVE IN A QUIET WAY WHEN GROWN IN PATCHES": THE ANNUAL *Omphalodes linifolia*, "ABOUT A FOOT HIGH, RATHER ERECT IN HABIT, WITH SMOOTH, GREY-GREEN LEAVES AND RATHER LARGE, MILK-WHITE FORGET-ME-NOT FLOWERS."  
Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

mellow, well-decayed manure or compost. I should say that a little bone-meal in the mixture would delight and sustain *luciliae* and keep it in vigorous flowering trim. As to pot-grown specimens, most of those which I have seen have looked half-starved, and as though they would respond to the soil mixture that good cultivators give to pot fuchsias.

The only other *Omphalodes* that is in general cultivation—but not nearly general enough—is an annual, *Omphalodes linifolia*. This grows about a foot high, rather erect in habit, with smooth, grey-green leaves and rather large, milk-white forget-me-not flowers. It is a most attractive plant, excellent for picking for small vases, and effective in a quiet way when sown and grown in patches in the forefront of the mixed flower border. The common name of *Omphalodes linifolia* is "Venus' Navelwort." A strange fall from the sublime to the—what shall I say? One seedsman used to—and for all I know still does—euphemise the name to "Venus' N.W." Is there any need to euphemise anything connected with Venus?



# THE LAST DAYS OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN TOUR: CHARLOTTETOWN AND ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.



FROM THE BALCONY OF THE PROVINCIAL BUILDING, CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCESS ELIZABETH THANKS PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND FOR ITS GIFT OF A ROYAL SAPPHIRE FOX CAPE.

ON the night of November 8, the Royal train left Halifax, Nova Scotia and, in a shortened form, travelled by train ferry to Charlottetown, the capital of Canada's smallest province, Prince Edward Island. After their arrival on the morning of the 9th, their Royal Highnesses drove to the Provincial

(Continued below.)

(RIGHT.) IN CANADA'S SMALLEST PROVINCE: PRINCESS ELIZABETH PLANTING A COMMEMORATIVE OAK IN THE DOMINION EXPERIMENTAL STATION ON PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.



ON HER WAY TO THE GOVERNMENT DINNER AT CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCESS ELIZABETH SHAKES HANDS WITH THE PULLMAN PORTERS OF THE ROYAL TRAIN IN WHICH SHE HAD TRAVELLED TO THAT DATE.



ON REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY—IN ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PLACES A WREATH ON THE NEWFOUNDLAND WAR MEMORIAL.



WHEN LEAVING THE ROYAL TRAIN, THE PRINCESS (HERE THANKING ONE OF THE CHEFS) AND THE DUKE SAID GOOD-BYE TO THE TRAIN STAFF.



AT ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND: PRINCESS ELIZABETH INSPECTING A COMPANY OF THE 666TH AIR POLICE SQUADRON OF THE U.S. AIR FORCE.



"AU REVOIR, CANADA": THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES LOOK BACK ON NEWFOUNDLAND FROM THE MANECO, WHICH TOOK THEM OUT TO THE EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND.

(Continued). Building, the Georgian seat of the Provincial Government, and here the Princess was presented with a very rare extra-light pearl platinum fox cape, of a type which will in future be known as "Royal sapphire fox." In the afternoon they visited the Dominion Experimental Station near by and the Princess planted an oak, a seedling from an oak planted by the Duke of Windsor when he was Prince of Wales. After dressing for the Government dinner at the Charlottetown

Hotel, the Princess and the Duke said good-bye to the staff of the Royal train, which had carried them so far. The remainder of their journey was by water, and on the evening of the 9th they sailed in the cruiser H.M.C.S. Ontario for St. John's, Newfoundland, paying a call en route at Sydney, Nova Scotia. Remembrance Sunday, their last whole day in Canada, was spent at St. John's, Newfoundland, and they embarked for home on November 12.



T.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND HER CONSORT AT HOME ONCE MORE AFTER THEIR GREAT TOUR: THE FAREWELL TO THE EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND AND LIVERPOOL'S WELCOME ON NOVEMBER 17.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH STEPS ON TO ENGLISH SOIL: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS GREETED BY THE EARL OF DERBY, LORD LIEUTENANT OF LANCASHIRE.



THE ROYAL FAREWELL TO THE EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND: PRINCESS ELIZABETH, WITH CAPTAIN C. E. DUGGAN, THE MASTER, INSPECTING THE STEWARDESSES.



ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE CROWD IN LIVERPOOL: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON THE TOWN HALL BALCONY. THE CATHEDRAL BELLS RANG THEIR FIRST OFFICIAL PEAL TO GREET THEM.



LIVERPOOL'S GREAT WELCOME TO PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON LIME STREET, WHERE, IN AUTUMN SUNSHINE, HUGE CROWDS GATHERED TO CHEER THEIR ROYAL VISITORS.

EARLY on the morning of November 17 the *Empress of Scotland* docked on Merseyside, and at 10 a.m. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh stepped on to English soil once more, after their great journey through the Dominion of Canada, and their visit to the United States. They were welcomed by the Earl of Derby, Lord Lieutenant of Lancashire, the Lord Mayor of Liverpool and other officials, and the liner's crew gave them a parting cheer. Their Royal Highnesses drove to a specially-erected red-and-white pavilion in Hope Street, a little higher than the base of Liverpool Cathedral, and from there heard the Cathedral bells ring out their first official peal in welcome. During their 80 minutes' stay in Liverpool they visited the Town Hall and waved from the balcony to the



WITH THE FOUR "MONTIES" WHO HAVE ACCOMPANIED THE CAPTAIN C. E. DUGGAN, MASTER OF THE EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND.



THEIR RETURN FROM CANADA ON NOVEMBER 17: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE IN LIVERPOOL AS THEY DROVE TO LIME STREET STATION TO TAKE THE ROYAL TRAIN TO LONDON.

huge crowds assembled to greet them. The weather was fine and during the drive to the station the hood of the car in which the Princess and the Duke drove was lowered. Before leaving the *Empress of Scotland* their Royal Highnesses said good-bye to the members of the crew and accepted two very handsome dolls as a gift for Princess Anne. They gave autographed photographs of themselves and their children to the stewardess and chief bedroom steward who had waited on them, to the waiters who had served meals in their private suite, and to the officer who had acted as guide in the ship; and presented monogrammed cuff-links to the master of the liner, Captain C. E. Duggan. From the ship their Royal Highnesses accepted a coloured film of most of the Royal tour.



ROYAL PARTY FROM CANADA FOR A SHORT VISIT TO ENGLAND: IN WHICH THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE RETURNED TO LONDON.



ACCEPTING A BOUQUET FROM A CATHEDRAL CHOIR-BOY: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN THE SPECIALLY-ERECTED PAVILION IN HOPE STREET.



THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE SAY GOOD-BYE TO THE SHIP'S COMPANY: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS SHAKING HANDS WITH A MEMBER OF THE CREW OF THE EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND.



ACCEPTING A GIFT OF DOLLS FOR PRINCESS ANNE, PRESENTED BY THE SENIOR BELL-BY ON BEHALF OF THE SHIP'S COMPANY: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON BOARD THE LINER EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND.



# THE ROYAL HOMECOMING: A JOYFUL NATIONAL—AND FAMILY—OCCASION.



THE QUEEN WELCOMES HER ELDER DAUGHTER HOME: HER MAJESTY KISSING PRINCESS ELIZABETH WARMLY, WHILE PRINCE CHARLES AND PRINCESS MARGARET WAIT TO EXPRESS THEIR WELCOME.

THE return home of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh after their journey through Canada and visit to Washington was not only a historic event, a time of rejoicing for the whole nation; it was, in addition, a joyful family occasion, the return of a dearly-loved daughter and son-in-law to complete the domestic circle which revolves round a beloved father—his Majesty the King—now happily convalescent after a grave illness. Our photographs taken at Euston on November 17 after the Princess and the Duke had arrived by train from Liverpool, where they disembarked in the morning, have a quality of unaffected happiness which makes them very moving. Prince Charles, as recorded on another page, was the most excited little boy in the country when the Queen decided to take him to the station.



HER MAJESTY GREETES HER SON-IN-LAW: THE QUEEN KISSING THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WHILE PRINCESS ELIZABETH STOOPS TO EMBRACE HER SON. PRINCESS MARGARET IS STANDING, RIGHT.



GAZING UP AT HIS MOTHER WITH DELIGHT AT HER RETURN: PRINCE CHARLES, CENTRE OF THE ROYAL GROUP, WITH PRINCESS MARGARET, THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT EUSTON STATION ON THE AFTERNOON OF NOVEMBER 17.



INTERESTED AND INTRIGUED BY SOMETHING HE HAS OBSERVED: PRINCE CHARLES ASKING HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN A QUESTION.



ROYAL FATHER AND SON: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH STOOPS TO REPLY TO ONE OF THE NUMEROUS QUERIES WHICH PRINCE CHARLES PUT HIM.



THE ROYAL SISTERS GREET ONE ANOTHER: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCESS MARGARET KISSING. PRINCE CHARLES IS WATCHING AND THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE ARE STANDING (LEFT).



## THE HOMECOMING OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



(ABOVE.) AN INTERESTED ON-LOOKER: PRINCE CHARLES STANDING ON THE PLATFORM AT EUSTON WATCHING HIS MOTHER PRESENTING HER CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE ESCORT TO THE QUEEN.



AT EUSTON STATION: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR MOUNTED BY THE 2ND BATTALION, COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

LONDON gave Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh a great welcome when they returned on November 17 after their six-weeks Canadian tour. Undeterred by heavy rain, thousands crowded the streets around Euston Station and thronged the route to Buckingham Palace. The Queen, Prince Charles and Princess Margaret were the first people to welcome the Royal couple at Euston Station. The Canadian High Commissioner and the American Ambassador were among those who took part in the official reception at the station. At Buckingham Palace the Princess and the Duke were welcomed by the King, Queen Mary and Princess Anne. Ten minutes after their arrival Princess Elizabeth, the Duke of Edinburgh and their two children appeared on the balcony in torrential rain to be greeted with heartfelt cheers from beneath the umbrellas of the waiting crowd. Forty minutes later the reunited family drove home together to Clarence House.



PART OF THE HUGE CROWD THAT DEFIED THE RAIN TO WELCOME PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE: THE SCENE AS THE ROYAL CAR REACHED TRAFALGAR SQUARE.



DRIVING HOME TO CLARENCE HOUSE FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH PRINCE CHARLES AND PRINCESS ANNE.



ON BUCKINGHAM PALACE BALCONY IN THE RAIN: PRINCESS ELIZABETH, PRINCE CHARLES—WHOSE HEAD JUST APPEARS—AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH PRINCESS ANNE.





**LONDON'S WELCOME : THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES PASSING DOWN FLEET STREET TO GUILDHALL IN AN OPEN LANDAU.**

On their way to receive the City's official welcome on the completion of the Canadian tour, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh received the people of London's unofficial welcome and thanks as they drove in an open landau drawn by four greys through the streets to Guildhall. Thousands of Londoners crowded the wet pavements to cheer as the procession passed by, the only touch of pageantry being provided by the escort of Household Cavalry. In the procession

were Princess Margaret and the Prime Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill, and, personifying the great Dominion so recently left by their Royal Highnesses, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police who came over in the *Empress of Scotland* with the Royal party. Our photograph was taken in Fleet Street and shows Princess Elizabeth acknowledging the outburst of cheering which accompanied them all the way from Buckingham Palace to Guildhall.





"WELL DONE!": LONDON ENDORSES THE KING'S MESSAGE AS THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES DRIVE TO GUILDHALL.

In spite of the rain, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh decided to drive to Guildhall for the City's official reception in an open landau. Princess Elizabeth was wearing a sage-green velvet coat, with the diamond maple-leaf brooch which she wore on her arrival home, on the lapel. Her close-fitting hat was of the same colour, made in a leaf design. The Duke of Edinburgh wore naval uniform, the ribbon of the Order of the Garter hidden by his

greatcoat. On arrival at Guildhall Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, enquired: "Are you very wet?" and Princess Elizabeth, smiling, replied: "No, not really." In braving the rain her Royal Highness had not disappointed the crowds who, after following the progress of the Royal tour in their newspapers, and by listening to the accounts broadcast by the B.B.C., had lined the route to endorse the King's message to his daughter—"Well done!"



THE CITY OF LONDON'S  
WELCOME HOME TO  
PRINCESS ELIZABETH  
AND THE DUKE OF  
EDINBURGH:  
THE LUNCHEON IN  
GUILDHALL.

SEVEN HUNDRED distinguished guests attended the luncheon at Guildhall on November 19, which formed part of the City's welcome home to Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh. The menu was turtle soup, sole, game and salad, orange jelly and pear Melba. The tables were decorated with scarlet carnations, white chrysanthemums, white heather and ferns. During the meal the Royal Artillery band played a selection of Canadian tunes and some nautical music. Princess Elizabeth, proposing the toast to the Lord Mayor and the Corporation, said, in referring to her tour of Canada: "My husband and I have just received a welcome, a generosity and a hospitality which we shall remember all our lives. I am sure that nowhere under the sun could one find a land more full of hope, of happiness and of fine, loyal, generous-hearted people." The Lord Mayor, Sir Leslie Boyce, in his reply, welcomed back the Royal couple and praised the manner in which they had both carried out their strenuous tour. In speaking of the Duke, he said: "We in the City of London have been delighted to see how the gallantry which marked the service of his Royal Highness during the war, became transformed throughout the exhausting duties recently undertaken, into the tenderest care and watchfulness over the welfare of the precious trust committed to his charge—the Princess Elizabeth." A photograph showing Mr. Churchill proposing the health of the Princess and the Duke appears on another page in this issue.

(RIGHT.)  
AT THE GUILDHALL LUNCHEON HELD TO GREET PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON THEIR RETURN HOME FROM CANADA: THE SCENE IN THE GREAT HALL AS THE LORD MAYOR AND HIS ROYAL AND DISTINGUISHED GUESTS TOOK THEIR PLACES. OUR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS (L. TO R.) THE EARL OF ATHLONE; PRINCESS MARGARET; MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL; PRINCESS ELIZABETH; THE LORD MAYOR; THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH; THE LADY MAYORESS; PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE, AND DR. FISHER, THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.







"FOR US IT WAS INDEED A JOURNEY OF GREAT HAPPINESS . . ." PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN THE LIBRARY, GUILDHALL, REPLYING TO THE CITY'S "RESPECTFUL AND CORDIAL CONGRATULATIONS." THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ARE SEATED (RIGHT) AND THE CANADIAN "MOUNTIES" STANDING.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ARRIVING AT GUILDHALL ON NOVEMBER 19; THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, SIR LESLIE BOYCE, IS WELCOMING THEM.



LISTENING TO THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME AND CONGRATULATION READ BY THE CITY RECORDER, SIR GERALD DODSON: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

#### THE CEREMONIAL WELCOME IN GUILDHALL TO PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh were welcomed outside Guildhall, whither they drove on November 19 to receive the City's official welcome and congratulations on the success of their great journey and to lunch in Guildhall, by the Lord Mayor and civic dignitaries. After inspecting the guard of honour of officers and men of the H.A.C., the Royal visitors entered the Library, where

the City Recorder read an address of congratulation to which Princess Elizabeth replied in the following words: "For us it was indeed a journey of great happiness, for we were received in Canada and the United States with a warmth and kindness which moved us profoundly." Canadian "Mounties" who came over with the Royal party stood behind the Princess and the Lord Mayor.





"MADAM, YOUR HEALTH AND THAT OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS": THE PRIME MINISTER, MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, TOUCHING GLASSES WITH PRINCESS ELIZABETH DURING THE GUILDHALL LUNCHEON. PRINCESS MARGARET AND THE LORD MAYOR ARE SEEN RAISING THEIR GLASSES TO THE TOAST.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill, proposed the toast to Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh at the Guildhall luncheon held to welcome back the Royal couple on November 19. He said: "There are no limits to the majestic future which lies before the mighty expanse of Canada, with its virile,

cultured and generous-hearted people." After saying that the whole nation was grateful to the Princess, Mr. Churchill turned, bowed deeply to her, and said: "Madam, your health and that of his Royal Highness," and then, turning towards the brilliant gathering, he said: "I call upon you to rise and drink."



## HEROISM IN A MODERN SAGA OF THE SEA.

"THE SHETLAND BUS"; By DAVID HOWARTH.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"THE SHETLAND BUS" was the slang name given to the shuttle-service which plied between an isolated post in the Shetlands and Norway. Consisting of fishing-boats, it took agents to and fro, conveyed explosives for sabotage and arms for a possible insurrection (when the war ended, the enormous

German hands, to be tortured, or else, wounded, nursed to health, and then executed by order of Admiral Doenitz. The author, recording many superb acts of bravery, feels constrained to state that his admiration of bravery does not imply a liking for war. The Duke of Wellington, who always hated the shedding of innocent blood, said after Waterloo that the only thing worse than a victory was a defeat; Mr. Churchill, who for so many years "ingeminated peace," has been accused of being a "warmonger" by people who would run like hares at the approach of a rabbit, and simply cannot understand that a man may be willing to risk death and inflict death in what he believes to be a righteous cause, may respond to the glamour of great deeds greatly done, and may still hate the whole bloody indiscriminate business of war—now more indiscriminate than ever.

Hence this final passage in the book: "In writing a book on a kind of warfare which was picturesque and adventurous and sometimes

add further folly to the failure of human wisdom which is the cause of war."

These are his final remarks, as they, or something like them, must be of any thinking, sensitive man who contemplates history, the record of "the crimes and follies of mankind." Had he brooded in that way when he was doing his job, he wouldn't have done his job. It was irksome for him to be obliged, not allowed to go himself, to send ship after ship off on its mission, with German 'planes circling over the North Sea and German patrols vigilant at the mouth of every fjord, not knowing whether the ship would return or not. It was painful for him, and for such of his men who were not afloat, when a ship was overdue and nobody knew whether it had foundered with all hands after air-attack or whether the crew had been captured, to be tortured beyond power of human resistance. But neither he nor his crews ever lost their sense of humour. "It's all in the day's work," seems to have been the motto; and, however many Norwegians were drowned or shot, there were always plenty of volunteer refugees to fill their places. There came a time when the losses were so great (the Germans having discovered too much) that the "Shetland Bus" had to cease operating; its place was taken by swift American "sub-chasers" which sustained no losses at all. The author remained in his "side-show": and, although we never did invade Norway in the later stages of the war, he maintains that the side-show was worth running, at whatever expense of men and materials, not only because it supported Norwegian morale, but because "our base of a hundred men was an essential link in a chain which bound down 284,000 German soldiers."

The names in the book are rather confusing. A footnote throws some light on the confusion. "On the west coast of Norway one may take either one's father's name or the name of one's birthplace as surname. In addition, fishing-boats are often called after the homes of their owners. This is sometimes confusing. Igland and Grotle, for example, are both hamlets in Bremanger. Thus the ship and the engineer were both called Igland, and Ole and Anfinn Grotle were neighbours, not brothers. On the other hand, one sometimes met brothers who used different surnames."

The life of a Norwegian genealogist must be one long hell.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 870 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. DAVID HOWARTH.

Mr. David Howarth was born in 1912 and educated at Tonbridge School and Trinity College, Cambridge. He joined the B.B.C. in 1933 and worked on the technical side, and later in the Talks Department. In 1939 he became one of the new B.B.C. war correspondents with both the British and French armies in Europe. After the evacuation of Dunkirk he joined the Royal Navy and served as a rating for nine months. Owing to his knowledge of the Norwegian coast and mountains he was posted to Shetland soon after he was commissioned in 1941 as second-in-command of the base from which the "Shetland Bus" operated. After the war he returned to Shetland and opened his own boat-building yard, where he now designs and builds fishing-boats and yachts.



"A SMALL PATCH OF GREEN IN THE MIDST OF BROWN HEATHER, A SMALL LANDLOCKED BAY WITH A QUAY AND A ROOFLESS STONE BUILDING AT ITS HEAD, AND ABOVE, ON THE HILLSIDE, A LARGE GAUNT, GREY HOUSE": A GENERAL VIEW OF LUNNA, THE BASE FROM WHICH THE "SHETLAND BUS" OPERATED.

German army in Norway found themselves confronted by, and surrendered to, a host of armed Norwegians), and it even came near sinking the *Tirpitz* in Trondheim Fjord, and would doubtless have sunk her had a heavy sea not broken the connections between a ship and the towed two-men torpedoes, which were intended to be fixed, with frog-men swimming away, to the *Tirpitz's* side. "Norway Bus" might have been an alternative title: but that, perhaps, might have been too painful a reminder of a certain speech of Mr. Neville Chamberlain's.

The author, an R.N.V.R. officer, under the command of a Major in the Army, ran the show. He spoke Norwegian and knew Norway, and he gradually (sometimes improvising in a manner reminiscent of Robinson Crusoe) acquired and manned a fleet of smuggling vessels, fitted them up with charts, guns and iron-rations, and, out of next-to-nothing, produced Naval Barracks, slipways and repair-shops and, when occasion called for it, false passports, identity-cards, permits and signatures of German harbour-masters.

His book, terse in phrase and modest in tone, records the doings of the men he sent off on their perilous duties: Norwegians all, most of them laconic, some of them jocular; all loyal, most of them probably feeling a little bitter, behind their reserve, because their country, of all countries, had made the word "quisling" an international word. Off they went in their fishing-boats, all knowing well that they would be executed if caught. They landed their agents, their supplies, their transmitters; sometimes they stole an hour off to see their parents; and then they returned to their base in the Shetlands, which are Norse, anyhow. Sometimes they didn't return. There is a grim map in this book (I may add that a map of the Shetlands would be an improvement when the second, third, etc., editions come out) which shows that stormy tract where the North Sea ceases to be the German Ocean and becomes a branch of the Atlantic with an infusion of the Arctic: crosses are marked on it to indicate the whereabouts of the ends of various Shetland Buses. Whether successful or not, every expedition, as its story is told here, is inspiring: involving so much bravery, resource, ingenuity and faith. And perhaps the most inspiring story of all, after we have read accounts of all the battles with the enemy and the elements, is that of the solitary survivor who (so frostbitten that he lost almost all his toes) walked hundreds of miles over snowy, mountainous country into Sweden, and then reported himself fit for duty. That sort of record humbles one, like the last diary of Captain Scott.

This book records a great number of heroic exploits. Some of them ended in the heroes coming back grinning to their base; some of them led to sinkings without trace; some left the chief performers in



"THE FIRST DOZEN TRIPS TO NORWAY... WERE SUCCESSFUL AND FREE OF TROUBLE—GOOD ROUTINE TRIPS TO LAND AGENTS AND DUMP STORES AT CONVENIENT POINTS": AGENTS LOADING EQUIPMENT ON A FISHING-BOAT BEFORE SAILING FOR NORWAY.

Illustrations reproduced from "The Shetland Bus," by courtesy of the Publishers, Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd.

even enjoyable, I have been anxious not to lead any members of a younger generation to think that these are, or even can be, the qualities of warfare itself. Our adventures were not created by the war, but by the adventurous spirit of the men who sailed our boats. Adventures can always be found by the adventurous, in war or peace, and enjoyment by the joyous. For a very few war may increase the opportunity for adventure; but for nearly all ordinary people it brings no gain, but only pain and sorrow, whether the war is won or lost. The drowning of Bard and his crew, the dreadful end of the *Bliu*, the execution of Mindur and Pete: these were the effects of war upon us. And to ascribe glory to the violent death of any young man loving life is only to



"WITH THEIR MASKS IN PLACE, BLACK AND SHINY, THE TWO MEN WHO A FEW MOMENTS BEFORE HAD BEEN VERY HUMAN SEEMED LIKE WELL-SLIT MONSTERS AS THEY CLIMBED CLUMSILY OVER THE RAIL AND DOWN INTO THE WATER": A "CHARIOT"—TWO-MAN HUMAN TORPEDO—SUCH AS WAS USED IN AN ABORTIVE ATTEMPT TO SINK THE GERMAN BATTLESHIP *TIRPITZ* IN TRONDHEIM FJORD.

Photograph reproduced by courtesy of the Imperial War Museum.

\* "The Shetland Bus." By David Howarth, Lieut.-Commander R.N.V.R. Illustrations and Maps. (Nelson; 2s. 6d.)



# EGYPT: THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT; AND CANAL ZONE TENSION.



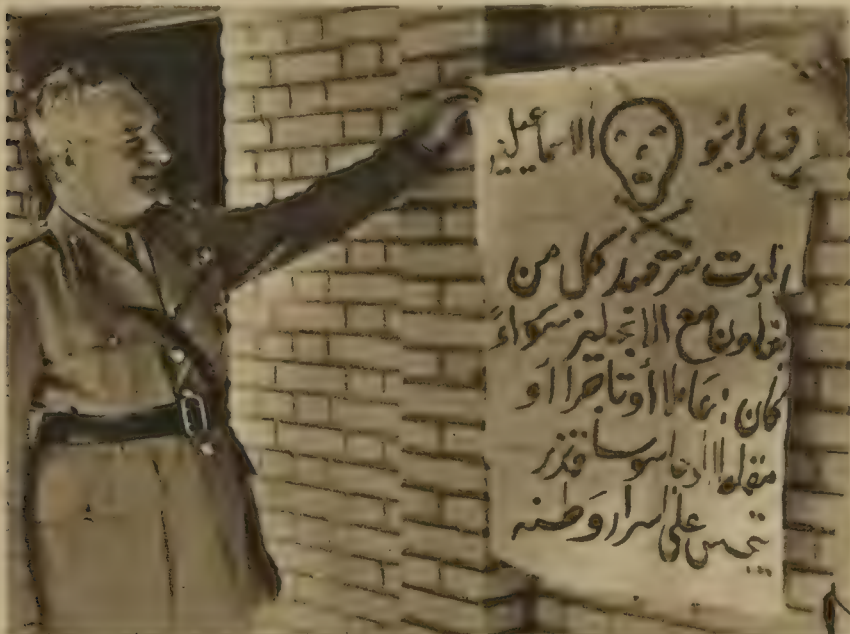
THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN CAIRO, SIR RALPH STEVENSON, SMILING AS HE ENTERED THE EGYPTIAN PARLIAMENT BUILDING FOR THE OPENING OF THE NEW PARLIAMENT AND THE READING OF KING FAROUK'S SPEECH.



KING FAROUK (IN THE WHITE-TOPPED ROLLS) LEAVING THE EGYPTIAN PARLIAMENT BUILDING (WITH DOME, LEFT) AFTER THE OPENING OF THE NEW PARLIAMENT.



KING FAROUK LISTENS, WHILE THE PREMIER, NAHAS PASHA (RIGHT), READS THE KING'S SPEECH REAFFIRMING EGYPT'S INTRANSIGENT ATTITUDE ON THE CANAL ZONE AND THE SUDAN TREATY.



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR GEORGE ERSKINE, THE CANAL ZONE COMMANDER, EXAMINING AN ARABIC POSTER THREATENING DEATH TO THOSE WHO WORK FOR THE BRITISH.



IN CONFERENCE AT BRITISH MILITARY H.Q. AT ISMAILIA: (L. TO R.) AIR VICE-MARSHAL V. E. GROOM, LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR G. ERSKINE AND REAR-ADMIRAL I. M. R. CAMPBELL.

ON November 15 King Farouk opened the new session of the Egyptian Parliament and listened to the reading of the King's Speech by the Prime Minister, Nahas Pasha. The gist of this speech was a reaffirmation of Egypt's determination to go on as it had started in the matter of the Condominium and the 1936 Treaty. On the same day the Egyptian Government sent a further Note to the British Ambassador on the abrogation of the treaty, in which attempts were made to justify the action and to claim legality for it. On the same day more British troops reached Port Said and a carrier, H.M.S. *Ocean*, and two destroyers left Malta for the Canal Zone. On November 17 a British major and a British civilian were shot in Ismailia and on November 18 gun fighting broke out, and, according to a report by the Egyptian Ministry of the Interior, six Egyptian police were killed and fifteen wounded, while four Britons were killed and others wounded.

(RIGHT.) BRITISH SERVICEMEN AND THEIR FAMILIES DOING THE FAMILY SHOPPING IN ISMAILIA, WHILE A SENTRY KEEPS WATCH FROM A SAND-BAGGED LOOK-OUT.





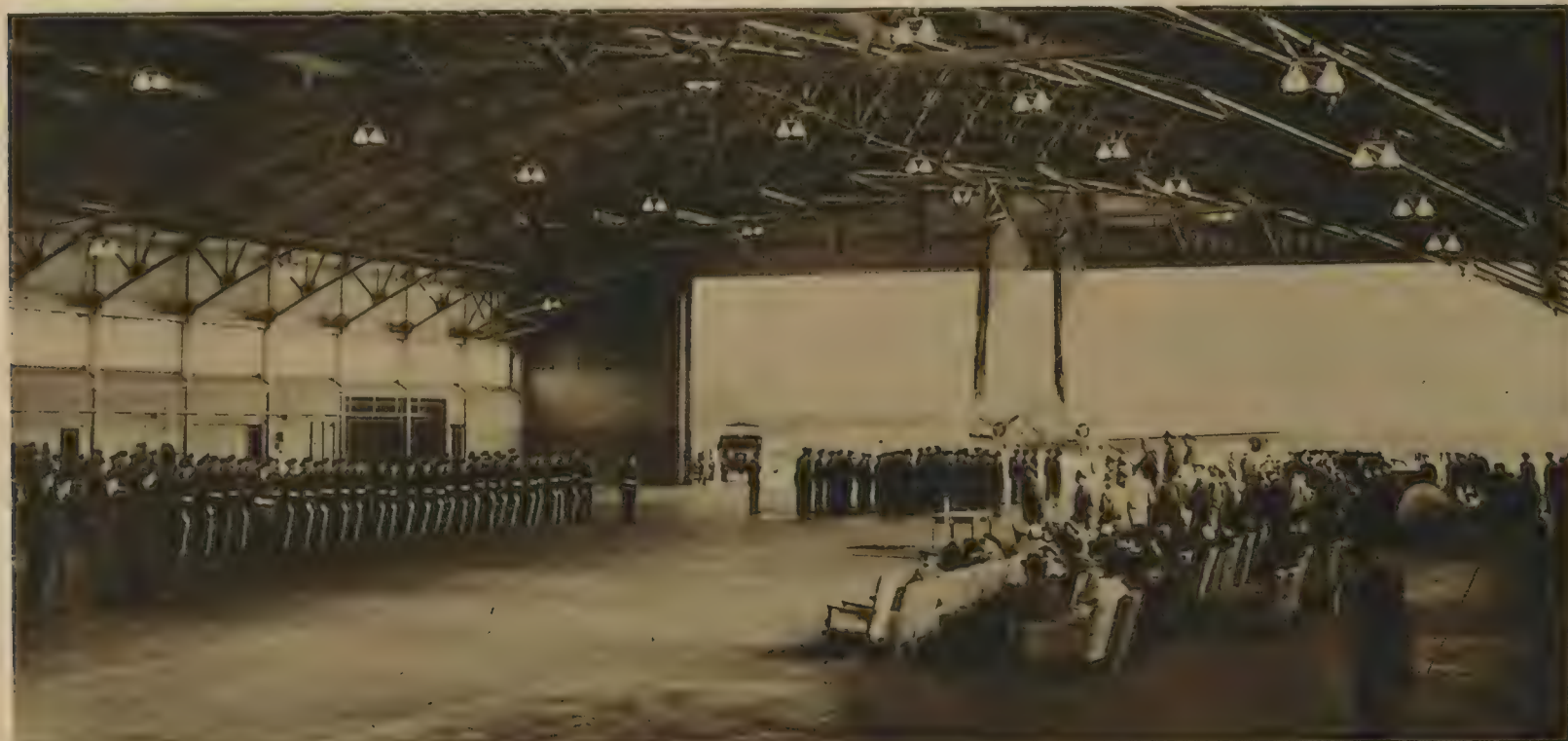
# LAND, AIR AND WATER: TOPICAL NEWS ITEMS FROM TWO CONTINENTS.



AN UNHEARD-OF INCIDENT IN JAPANESE HISTORY: UNIVERSITY STUDENTS JOSTLE THE EMPEROR'S CAR, SINGING AND SHOUTING COMMUNIST SONGS AND SLOGANS. On November 14, when the Emperor Hirohito of Japan visited Kyoto University, more than a thousand students surrounded his car, singing Communist songs, shouting and jostling the car. In particular, they shouted slogans denouncing the peace treaty and rearmament.

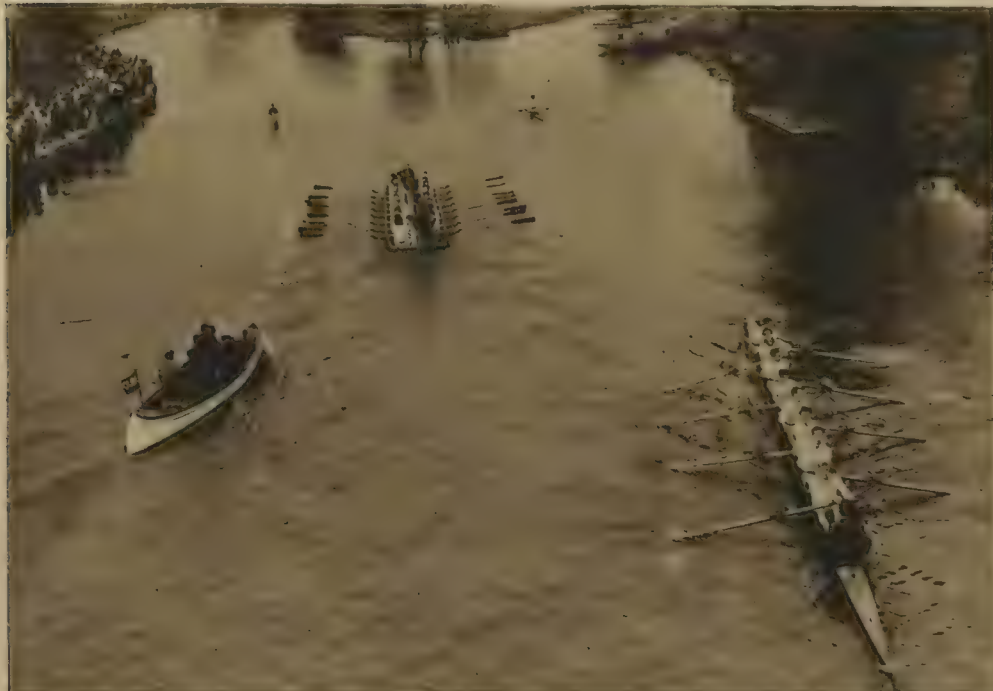


"TORQUILLSTONE CASTLE" TO-DAY: A CASTLE THAT LOOKS ALL RIGHT FROM THE RIGHT (CAMERA) ANGLE, FOR THE FILMING OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S "IVANHOE." Ivanhoe was once every boy's introduction to the romance of the Middle Ages, and one would think a perfect subject for the cinema. Soon we shall know, for "Torquillstone Castle" has come, in all the majesty of lath and plaster, to Boreham Wood, and "Ivanhoe" is being filmed at Elstree.



THE FIRST CANADIAN AIR FORCE STATION IN THE BRITISH ISLES SINCE 1946: THE HANDING-OVER CEREMONY OF THE R.A.F. STATION OF NORTH LUFFENHAM.

On November 15 a Royal Air Force station at North Luffenham, near Stamford, was formally transferred to the Royal Canadian Air Force, and has become the Headquarters of the No. 1 Fighter Wing of the R.C.A.F. The F86 Canadian-built *Sabre* jet fighters of the first squadron were expected to arrive a few days later. The handing-over ceremony was attended by the High Commissioner for Canada, Mr. L. D. Wilgress, and Air Chief-Marshal Sir R. Cochrane, Vice-Chief of the Air Staff.



THE "LEVIATHAN'S" FIRST TRIP: THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY BOAT CLUB'S SIXTEEN-OARED TRAINING VESSEL ON ITS WAY TO THE O.U.B.C. BOATHOUSE, WITH, TO THE RIGHT, A CONVENTIONAL "EIGHT." On November 13 Mrs. G. C. Bourns (a famous name in Oxford rowing) launched the O.U.B.C.'s new training craft the *Leviathan*. This is a sixteen-oared punt-shaped craft, built at Iffley by George Harris. It is 47 ft. long and about 6½ ft. wide, and has a central gangway from which the coach



MANNED BY BLUES AND FORMER BLUES, THE "LEVIATHAN," SEEN FROM AN ANGLE WHICH SHOWS THE CENTRAL GANGWAY FOR THE COACH. can study any individual oarsman. At a paddling rate it provides an ideal "rowing platform," but has a pronounced wash at rowing rates. A Cambridge suggestion that the oarsmen should be chained and the coach carry a whip is not yet taken seriously.



# H.M. THE QUEEN VISITS MANCHESTER: THE OPENING OF THE FREE TRADE HALL AND OTHER ENGAGEMENTS.



AT THE OPENING OF THE REBUILT FREE TRADE HALL, HOME OF THE HALLÉ ORCHESTRA: H.M. THE QUEEN MAKING THE OPENING ADDRESS ON NOVEMBER 16.



(RIGHT) DESTROYED BY WAR-TIME BOMBING AND NOW REPAIRED AND REBUILT: THE FREE TRADE HALL FLOODLIT AFTER IT HAD BEEN REOPENED BY H.M. THE QUEEN DURING HER VISIT TO MANCHESTER.



ON November 16, H.M. the Queen visited Manchester and, as Colonel-in-Chief of The Manchester Regiment, attended the dedication of the restored Regimental Chapel in Manchester Cathedral. The Chapel was damaged by a land-mine during the war. The Chapel and the Shrine containing the Regimental Rolls of Honour were dedicated by the Bishop of Manchester, the Rt. Rev. W. D. L. Greer, and her

(Continued below.)

(LEFT.) UNVEILING A TABLET WHICH RECORDS THE REOPENING OF THE FREE TRADE HALL: H.M. THE QUEEN DRAWING BACK THE CURTAINS IN THE ENTRANCE HALL.



GREETING SIR JOHN BARBIROLLI, CONDUCTOR OF THE HALLÉ ORCHESTRA, AT THE FREE TRADE HALL: H.M. THE QUEEN WITH THE LORD MAYOR OF MANCHESTER (CENTRE).



AT THE TERRITORIAL ARMY CENTRE AT ARDWICK GREEN: H.M. THE QUEEN INSPECTING THE WAR MEMORIAL AND DRUMS IN THE 'DRILL HALL.

(Continued.)

Majesty signed the Rolls. After a civic luncheon at the Town Hall, her Majesty drove to the Free Trade Hall, home of the Hallé Orchestra, which suffered bomb damage during the war and has now been repaired and rebuilt. In making the opening address her Majesty said: "I hope this building, which enshrines the name free trade, may inspire in you other freedoms, freedom from intolerance,



DAMAGED BY A LAND-MINE DURING THE WAR AND NOW RESTORED AND RE-DEDICATED: THE CHAPEL OF THE MANCHESTER REGIMENT IN MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

freedom from faction and prejudice. It is these as much as anything to-day that may bring nearer the progress and well-being of our dear country." The climax of the ceremony was the rendering of "Land of Hope and Glory" by members of the Hallé Choir and the ninety members of the Hallé Orchestra. Later the Queen visited the Territorial Army centre at Ardwick Green.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### THE <ONCE> COMMON CRANE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

ONE morning recently, a friend of mine pulled aside the curtains and looked down the garden. At first she thought she saw an extra statuette by the ornamental pond. But she took another look and saw it was a crane. She told us this later in the morning, and was obviously very pleased and excited at her discovery. We suggested gently that it might have been a heron, but she insisted it was a crane. It may have been entirely coincidence, but I had earlier seen a heron fly from the direction of her garden, low over the housetops, towards the river. But what a pity she had not seen a crane!

The common crane (*Grus grus*) has, since 1600, been seen in this country as a rare vagrant only. In the Middle Ages it had been common enough, according to all accounts, but it was already dwindling in numbers by the early part of the sixteenth century, and in spite of protective laws, ceased to be a resident by the end of the century. It continued as a regular winter visitor until about the beginning of the nineteenth century. To-day it breeds regularly in Europe, from Scandinavia and Germany to Russia, with isolated colonies at various points from Spain to Southern Russia, wintering in north-west Africa, the Sudan and Abyssinia. It enjoys a wide range, therefore, and it is somewhat surprising that it should have withdrawn so very completely from the British Isles. T. A. Coward comments that it is "so long lost that we cannot tell why it deserted its ancient home . . . but as its visits appear to be growing less frequent, we may believe that some factor other than persecution is responsible for the decrease."

Although the crane is larger than the heron, mere size has little value in identification, where only a single bird is seen. Both have, on the other hand, the long legs and neck and the long bill, so that confusion between them is excusable. Added to this, the heron is such a handsome bird seen close to that anyone could be forgiven for failing to recognise it as the somewhat dull, greyish form seen at a distance. But the two birds are not only assigned to different orders in the scheme of classification, but differ widely in appearance also.

The crane stands some 4 ft. high, and its general colour is a slate-grey. The sides of the head and neck are white, the top of the head is red, due to a warty red patch of skin devoid of feathers. The drooping plumes of both wings and tail are blue-black. Its habitat is the wooded swamps and marshes, but it will also take up quarters in open marsh or grassland. Some vegetable matter is eaten, including grass-roots, water-plants, the leaves of various herbs and grasses, in addition to grain. Many insects are also included in its diet, as well as earthworms, frogs, lizards and sometimes field-voles and shrews.

One can but regret that we should no longer have with us such a handsome bird as a regular visitor. And the suggestion that it may have dwindled from unknown causes adds a wistful

melancholy to this sense of loss. It can always be that a species, with such a history, is in process of dwindling, and withdrawing or dying out in the outer limits of its range. We have no data by which to tell if this is so or not. There seems, on the other hand, an acceptable note of truth in the words of an earlier writer: "It was highly esteemed by our ancestors both as an object of sport and as furnishing a dish fit for the table of princes." And we may hazard the guess that laws enacted in the sixteenth century for its protection had not the same object as protective laws passed to-day would have.

Protection for the sake of sport is the most they are likely to have had. No doubt the draining of the marshes contributed to the reduction in numbers, though it is highly unlikely that this would have been sufficiently widespread four centuries or more ago. And there is more than a suspicion that the mere fact of protective laws having been passed in the sixteenth century is an indication of widespread poaching.

the same was not true in England. Sport, food, tail feathers that were popular as an article of adornment in the hats of Tudor days, and we probably need look no further for causes of withdrawal from this country. Like the bustard, its near relative, it was too large to be overlooked, but, even more than the bustard, it was bound to be too conspicuous as the increase in commerce opened up the countryside.

If nothing else, the antics of the crane both during and out of the breeding season would tend to draw attention to itself. Both sexes take part in an elaborate display, walking with quick steps, with legs stiff and wings held out, the so-called parade step. They dance in circles or figures-of-eight, in pairs or in groups. Or they may walk with long strides, and bow this way and that. Sometimes the birds will leap into the air and come to a stop with the bill pointed upwards. Most other birds display in the breeding season only or at its onset, but it is usually accepted that these ceremonials in the crane are an expression of excitement and general liveliness, since they are indulged in at other times than the breeding season. The call, too, is a loud trumpeting, the windpipe being coiled, with the coils resting in a special cavity in the breast-bone. The dancing of the crane may sometimes be seen in zoos, when their grotesque movements are apt to be construed as the pitiful efforts of captive birds trying to fly.

Perhaps my friend may be given one point in favour of her claim to having seen a crane in the garden. Ritchie tells us that after the disappearance of the crane, the name was apt to be transferred to the heron. But the *Grus grus*, the crane proper, is unlikely to be seen now on the outskirts of London. Even should it pass over this country on migration it is little likely to be seen, for it flies high, out of sight, and the best, and probably only, evidence of its passing over would be the sound of its clanging call.

Now comes the oddest thing of all. Although

many writers on birds refer to this one simply as "crane," the more usual practice is to describe it under the heading "The Common Crane." One can understand the convenience deriving from the use of the word "common," as indicating, shall we say, the species best known to the majority of readers. But its application to *Grus grus* seems to have been comparatively recent. We have plenty of common birds, starlings, sparrows, chaffinches, and so on, but rarely is any of these labelled "common." We have, of course, the common gull, which is less common in most parts of the country than any other of our species of gulls, and doubtless there are other such anomalies. None is, however, so striking as the one now in question. I could find no *Grus grus* in the London Zoo, though there were plenty of demoiselle



SINCE 1600 SEEN IN THIS COUNTRY AS A RARE VAGRANT ONLY: THE COMMON CRANE (*GRUS GRUS*), A BIRD LARGER THAN THE HERON WITH DROOPING BLUE-BLACK PLUMES ON WINGS AND TAIL, WHITE ON THE SIDES OF THE HEAD AND NECK AND A WARTY RED PATCH OF SKIN DEVOID OF FEATHERS ON THE TOP OF THE HEAD.

The tall, graceful crane has been virtually lost to us since 1600, yet in the modern books devoted to birds we shall as likely as not find it described as the Common Crane. Apparently it was common in England in the Middle Ages, and there is no ready explanation for its loss to us. There is an irony in the use of the word "common" at least so far as this country is concerned. It is a very rare migrant at best. In zoos and museums it is more usual to see cranes from remote parts of the earth than to see what should be our native crane. Above all, it seems impossible to find even a good photograph of it. Reproduced from T. A. Coward's "The Birds of the British Isles and Their Eggs," Series 11 (Fourth Edition), by courtesy of the Publishers, Frederick Warne and Co., Ltd.

Ritchie, in his "Animal Life in Scotland," has much to say concerning the crane, including many quotations from early writings. The general tone of these suggests that the bird was widely and highly valued as an article of food; and it is difficult to believe that



THE MOST HANDSOME OF THE CRANES: THE CROWNED CRANE, WHICH RANGES FROM WEST AFRICA TO THE NILE BASIN, AND WHOSE PLUMAGE IS WHITE, BLACK, GREY, RED AND GOLD. UNLIKE THE COMMON CRANE, IT IS "COMMON" IN ZOOS. Photograph reproduced by courtesy of the Zoological Society of London.

#### "AN IDEAL GIFT"

THE annual problems of Christmas shopping will soon have to be solved. Those who find it difficult to select the ideal gift (especially for dispatch to friends overseas when the question of packing and other difficulties have to be considered) and seek something to give lasting pleasure and continually to remind the recipient of the affection that the donor feels for him or her, will find the answer in a year's subscription to *The Illustrated London News*.

Every week the current copy will arrive and provide an hour of enjoyment and interest and, with its appearance, will come a happy and agreeable remembrance of the friend who has sent it, whether he be near at hand or far away. Orders for subscriptions for *The Illustrated London News* to be sent overseas may be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.) Friends at home will naturally be equally appreciative of such a gift, and in that case the year's subscription is £5 16s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.)

cranes, Manchurian cranes, crowned cranes, black-necked cranes, and so on. There is no specimen of it shown in the new Bird Gallery in the British Museum (Natural History), although here again one may see a crowned crane, demoiselle crane and others. Perhaps, then, the bird is dwindling everywhere throughout its Continental range as well, and that Coward's suggestion is nearer the truth than I have thought. Figures would be hard to come by, no doubt, and seeing that so much of its former territory was particularly ravaged since 1939, its numbers may have suffered severely. At least we may say this with some certainty, that in this modern Europe, the dice are loaded against so large a bird with so palatable a carcass.



# TO BE RESTORED: WREN'S FLEET STREET CHURCH OF ST. BRIDE, SUBJECT OF A RECENT APPEAL.



LOOKING WEST: THE CHURCH OF ST. BRIDE BEFORE THE BOMBING (RIGHT) AND THE ARCHITECT'S DESIGN FOR THE RESTORED CHURCH (LEFT). ABOVE THE VESTIBULE WILL REAPPEAR THE GALLERY FOR ORGAN, CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA, BUT THE ORGAN-PIPES WILL BE REMOVED FROM A CENTRAL TO A SIDE POSITION.



LOOKING EAST: THE CHURCH OF ST. BRIDE BEFORE THE BOMBING (RIGHT) AND THE ARCHITECT'S DESIGN FOR THE RESTORED CHURCH (LEFT). STAINED GLASS OF SUPERB QUALITY WILL FILL THE GREAT EAST WINDOW AND WILL FLOOD THE SANCTUARY WITH LIGHT.

An historic Wren church, associated for centuries with the Press and literary world, is the subject of an appeal, arranged to be launched on November 21, by the Very Rev. Dr. A. C. Don, Dean of Westminster and Chairman of the Patrons of the Benefice. On the dreadful night of December 29, 1940, the Church of St. Bride, Fleet Street, was reduced to a shell by incendiary bombs, but Wren's 226-ft.-high spire survived. It is anticipated that rebuilding of the fabric will begin in 1953—800 years after the first record of the Church of St. Bride on the banks of the Fleet River. Sir Christopher Wren's original plans of 1680 are available, and will be followed in detail, subject to minor

adaptations dictated by modern conditions. The designs for the restoration of the church are the work of Mr. W. Godfrey Allen, F.R.I.B.A., Surveyor to the Fabric of St. Paul's Cathedral. In his inaugural address on June 3, 1951, the Rev. Cyril M. Armitage, vicar of St. Bride's, said: "Fleet Street will never be Fleet Street till St. Bride is restored in all its glory and spiritual power." Before the actual rebuilding is begun, it is essential that funds be available to permit orders to be placed for the work involved. Contributions to the restoration fund will be gratefully received by the Hon. Treasurer, Appeal Fund, Church of St. Bride, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.



## A "MURDER-MYSTERY" OF IRON-AGE DENMARK: —ITS VICTIM PEAT-PRESERVED FOR 2000 YEARS.

*Professor Dr. P. V. Glob, of Aarhus University, Denmark, writes of the remarkably preserved human remains shown on these pages as follows.*

PEAT-CUTTING in the Danish bogs frequently brings objects to light which have lain hidden there since before the written history of the country began. Many of the treasures of Danish antiquity, such as the "lurs," the widely-known Bronze Age trumpets, and many ornaments of gold, silver and bronze, were found by this process, all of them objects which would hardly have found their way by chance into the peat-bogs, but must rather have been deposited there as offerings to some divine power. A similar interpretation must be made in the case of the twenty or so ploughs, dating to the middle of the first millennium B.C., and again of the human bodies, about forty in all, dating from before the introduction of Christianity, all found in the peat bogs. Almost all these objects are characteristically found in quite small "saucer" bogs, or in small branches of the larger fen areas. One of the best-preserved and most thoroughly investigated bodies was brought to light in May, 1950, in the course of peat-cutting in Tollund Bog, in Central Jutland. While lecturing at Aarhus University, I received a telephone call from the police, who informed me of the discovery of a well-preserved corpse and requested me to investigate the matter, as they suspected an unsolved

*(Continued below, left.)*



PRESERVED FOR 2000 YEARS IN THE PEAT AND LOOKING LIKE A BRONZE BAS-RELIEF: THE TOLLUND MAN, NAKED SAVE FOR A LEATHER CAP AND BELT, AND WITH A LEATHER NOOSE ROUND HIS NECK.

*Continued.]*

A visit to the finding-place, however, a little elongated peat-bog surrounded by high, steep hills in a desolate heather-clad area, established that the crime, if crime it was, had taken place perhaps 2000 years ago. It was an amazing sight to see this prehistoric man, his face so well-preserved and as expressive as though he had but a moment ago fallen asleep. He lay in a contracted position as though sleeping, with wrinkled brow, closed eyes and mouth fast shut, with all the appearance of a strong personality. Only the dark, brown-leather colour showed his age. But this man of a bygone age had not of his own free will laid himself to sleep on this spot and been covered in the course of centuries by successive layers of peat. A rope formed of two smooth plaited leather thongs lay in a noose around his neck, pulled tight and choking, with the long, free end lying along his back. And he was naked. On his head he bore a skin cap, sewn together from eight pieces of leather with the fur inwards, and fitted with a chin-strap. But the only body clothing was a leather belt knotted in a noose over the stomach. It is obvious that this man, clothed only in cap and belt, had been hanged and then deposited in the bog. But why? It is improbable that a common criminal would have been treated in this way, while many people would regard the fine lines of the Tollund man's countenance as telling against such a theory. About 100 bodies of men, women and children have, in the course of the last two centuries, been recovered from peat-bogs in the area covering Jutland, north-west

Germany and Holland. Of these, only a few can have come there accidentally, drowned in the treacherous bogs, while the lack of burial

furnishings shows that there can be no question of normal burial. A characteristic of the majority of the bodies discovered is their scanty attire. Many, like the Tollund man, are practically naked, and many have only a leather cape over their shoulders. Very many have a noose of rope or leather around their necks, while others have crushed heads, broken limbs, or mortal wounds in their body. Some are bound hand and foot, and others are pinned down in the bogs by a wooden stake or a hook, this last being a precaution against haunting.

A mediæval tradition in this connection relates that King Abel could not, on account of a fratricide, rest in his grave in Schleswig Cathedral, and was therefore exhumed and laid in a near-by bog, held fast by a stake through the body. Ancient writings tell how criminals ended their days staked down in peat-bogs; Tacitus, for example, describing this as a custom of the Germani about A.D. 100, while other early authors tell us that human sacrifices were offered to the gods in Scandinavia right up to the introduction of Christianity about A.D. 1000. Hanging was, moreover, in ancient times not considered a dishonourable death, this viewpoint only coming in with Christianity, based on the fact that hanged men were sacred to Odin, the wise, one-eyed god, one of the chief gods of the close of the heathen period. There is perhaps reason to emphasise two points in connection with the Tollund man: that he was hanged and that he was naked. Many of the other bodies from the peat-bogs are naked, and many still have the rope with which they were hanged around their necks. (And the general belief is that such naked hangings were ritual sacrifices in connection with the great spring fertility festivals of antiquity.) An investigation of the stomach contents of the Tollund man throws an interesting sidelight on the question of the food of prehistoric man. This investigation showed that he had eaten no animal food recently, but only a porridge of vegetables and seeds. This porridge consisted mainly of barley, linseed, "gold of pleasure" (*Camelina linicola*) and pale persicaria (*Polygonum lapathifolium*), all of which were cultivated during the Iron Age; but, in addition, it contained a number of wild plants such as sheep's

*(Continued opposite.)*



WITH EVEN THE EYEBROWS, EYELASHES AND STUBBLE ON THE CHIN PRESERVED BY THE PEAT FOR 2000 YEARS: THE TOLLUND MAN "WITH WRINKLED BROW, CLOSED EYES AND MOUTH FAST SHUT, WITH ALL THE APPEARANCE OF A STRONG PERSONALITY."



A STRIKING TESTIMONY TO THE EXTRAORDINARY PRESERVATIVE EFFECT OF THE PEAT: THE PERFECTLY PRESERVED FEET OF THE TOLLUND MAN, WHO PERISHED BY HANGING 2000 YEARS AGO.





LIKE A RENAISSANCE BRONZE AND "AS EXPRESSIVE AS THOUGH HE HAD BUT A MOMENT AGO FALLEN ASLEEP"—YET THE VICTIM OF A RITUAL SACRIFICE 2000 YEARS AGO AND PERFECTLY PRESERVED IN A DANISH PEAT-BOG: THE FRONTAL VIEW OF THE HEAD OF THE TOLLUND MAN DISCOVERED RECENTLY IN JUTLAND.

*Continued.*  
 sorrel (*Rumex acetosella*), white goosefoot (*Chenopodium album*), brassica, corn spurrey and many others which could scarcely come to be accidentally mixed with the cultivated plants. Thus we may conclude that the seeds of wild plants formed an important part of the diet of prehistoric peoples. In many ways the Tollund man causes prehistory to live before our eyes. His handsome countenance, fantastically well-preserved, makes a stronger and more real impression than the work of the best sculptor could give. The strange

circumstances in which he was found give us a glimpse of a remarkable religion. Well may he have been an offering to the gods to bring fertility and fortune to his fellow-men. The old gods did at least not relinquish him to the scientists of to-day without exacting their price. They took man for man. While the Tollund man was being lifted from his desolate resting-place, to be taken for investigation to the National Museum in Copenhagen, one of the helpers dropped dead, struck down by heart failure. . . .



## THE KITTEN BALLET—AN EXTRAORDINARY RECORD BY PHOTOGRAPHY OF A FELINE PAS DE DEUX.



## THE ASTONISHING GAITY AND GRACE OF "THE TIGER IN THE HOUSE" AT PLAY IN ITS ENTERTAINING

These astonishing photographs of kittens at play, apparently performing a *pas de deux*, which, as a *divertissement* displaying grace and poise, is the equal of any in the repertoire of any celebrated human ballet company, are reproduced from the book "Cats," a collection of photographs by Ylla, published by the Harvill Press. A. D. Hippisley-Coxe writes in the foreword to the volume: "On these pages you

will find no pretty-pretty pictures of the *Pas-in-boot* variety, but a magnificent series of studies in which every line and every shadow accentuate the character of cats in general, and the personality of the subject in particular. I have seldom—*if, indeed, ever—seen* photographs of such intensity. They are more than life-like, they are super-real. Ylla once explained this by saying: "However successful a

Photographs reproduced from the book "Cats," by Ylla

## BABYHOOD: TWO KITTENS CAPTURED BY THE CAMERA IN POSES WORTHY OF A PRIMA BALLERINA.

photograph is from the technical point of view, if I have not felt excitement while taking it, if I have not been personally involved, then it is usually uninteresting and lifeless. I have to feel the animal to succeed." Ylla has undoubtedly felt every mood of the "Tiger in the House," as the domestic cat has been called, and the astonishing gaiety and grace of the kittens who, to quote the foreword again, (The Harvill Press; 21s.), by permission of the Publishers.

"... look unbelievably innocent but are usually incredibly naughty," can never have been more faithfully captured. Cats—whose population in this country amounts to 9,000,000—have been the beloved familiar spirits of authors, politicians, prelates and artists of all ages, and have inspired a long list of poets. Even non-cat lovers looking at these photographs will murmur—"And no wonder."





THE strange and formidable shapes of early Chinese bronzes can be a trifle overwhelming to those who are not familiar with them. They seem so remote from ordinary experience, so severe, so brutal and yet so magnificent, that it is difficult to imagine what kind of men have produced them. An exhibition of pieces belonging to members of The Oriental Ceramic Society, at 48, Davies Street, provides an opportunity to form a judgment. H.M. the King has lent a bronze presented to Queen Victoria by the Emperor of China in 1887, and H.M. the King of Sweden who, as Crown Prince, built up a collection which is famous all over the world, is also an exhibitor.

Note, please, that in speaking of "early" bronzes, the word is used in a very special and exact sense. "Early" means not later than the period of the unified Ch'in Empire (established 221 B.C.), and stretches back to the remotest antiquity, at least to the beginning of the Shang-Yin Dynasty, in about 1550 B.C. What is so impressive is that, though it is possible to distinguish different styles during this lengthy period, it is not possible to point to a particular piece as displaying any obviously primitive features. Technically they are all highly advanced. Once upon a time—and here we

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. ANCIENT CHINESE BRONZES.

By FRANK DAVIS.

Chinese tradition—and tradition is not wholly to be despised—asserts that the art of casting in bronze goes back to at least the third millennium before Christ, and tells the story of how the Emperor Yü the Great, who founded the first Chinese Dynasty, the Hsia, in 2205 B.C., called in the tribute metal from his nine provinces and had cast from it nine great bronze cauldrons. These for a thousand years were regarded as imperial insignia and were brought out

Mexico) Fig. 3, lent by H.M. the King of Sweden, is a *chia*, or wine vessel, used for warming wine after pouring out part of it in libation. It is rather like an inverted helmet, and is supported on three pointed legs. When hot, the vessel could be lifted by means of a forked rod passed beneath the two knobs above—at least, that is the usual explanation, though I have heard of another invented by an imaginative dealer in Hong Kong who, as part of his sales talk in disposing of a modern copy to an innocent Western barbarian, ventured the theory that the knobs were there to prevent the long mustachios of a high-class mandarin from falling into the liquid within. Descendants of the Staffordshire worthy of Victorian days who devised the moustache-cup, please note. Fig. 2 is a type of cooking vessel known as *Ting*. The loops at each end enable the vessel to be lifted by a rod passed through them, and here again the photograph is sufficiently clear to show, in the centre, the formalised ogre mask mentioned above. As an example of numerous smaller pieces—various plaques, axe-heads, axle-caps, etc., not obviously connected with ritual observances—Fig. 4, the animal mask with the horns, is particularly fine—great, sweeping curves and recessions and the animal characteristics reduced to broad, simple forms. I have just now propped the photograph upside-down against the reading



FIG. 1. A KUEI, OR FOOD VESSEL, FIRST PHASE (2ND CHOU REIGN). INSCRIBED. (16½ ins. high.) (Lent by Captain Dugald Malcolm.) This massive bronze Kuei is one of the rare early Chinese bronzes which can be exactly dated—1110 B.C.

at all state functions; rather like the orb and sceptre with us. During the period of anarchy which followed the collapse of the Chou Dynasty they disappeared (233 B.C.), and the first Emperor of the succeeding Dynasty, the Ch'in, made strenuous efforts to retrieve them from the river into which they were supposed to have been thrown. He was unsuccessful, and was compelled to govern without the prestige which would have been his had he found them. The point of all this is that the majority of Chinese bronzes were made for ritual purposes and this in part explains the reverence in which they were held and the continuity of the various types; they vary in detail, but their main characteristics are constant.

Here, then, in this exhibition, dug up from the immemorial soil of China, is a series of bronze vessels, some of which were probably in use long before the fall of Troy or the foundation of Rome, and unknown to, or at least unappreciated by, the West until a generation or so ago. Behold them and marvel, not because of their almost fabulous antiquity, but because of the monumental vigour of their forms and their mingled solidity and grace. I choose a few haphazard by way of illustration. Fig. 1 is a *Kuei*, apparently used for holding cereals, with a dragon-head handle at each side, and two bands of decoration, the upper one with a formalised ogre mask in the centre (not unlike those brutal masks from ancient



FIG. 2. A TING, OR COOKING VESSEL, FIRST PHASE. (6½ ins. high.) (Lent by Sir Herbert and Lady Ingram.) The loops at each end enable the vessel to be lifted by means of a rod passed through them. A formalised "ogre" mask decorates the centre.

are guessing amid the mists of pre-history—someone must surely have made experiments, beginning with very simple forms. If so, the evidence is lacking: those that have survived—or, rather, those that have been excavated so far—are by bronze-founders who are masters of their craft. The question of their dating is obscure, difficult and intriguing. It depends partly upon style and partly upon inscriptions, and, as far as this country is concerned, collectors owe whatever knowledge they possess to Dr. Percival Yetts, whose patient unravelling of these mysteries could well provide the basis for a slightly highbrow detective story. To put the matter very briefly, a large group of bronzes will appear to belong to the same period by reason of their style. A pair of vases of similar style will turn up bearing an inscription alluding to a famous conference of feudal princes which history records occurred in 482 B.C. The whole group then falls into place. Thus a coherent pattern of change in ornament and form has been gradually built up, until to-day it is possible to find one's way about, if not with absolute certainty, at least with hope.



FIG. 4. A MASK, FIRST PHASE (LATE). (7½ ins. high.) (Lent by Major-General Sir Neill Malcolm.)

"The animal mask with the horns is particularly fine—great, sweeping curves and recessions and the animal characteristics reduced to broad, simple forms."



FIG. 3. A CHIA, OR WINE VESSEL. (FIRST PHASE SHANG-YIN DYNASTY). (11½ ins. high.) (Lent by H.M. the King of Sweden.)

This vessel, for warming wine after part had been poured out in libation, could, when hot, be lifted by a forked rod passed beneath the knobs.

lamp, and the thing is no less powerful as a formal abstraction with no resemblance to any recognisable object. One question has always puzzled me when looking at these early bronzes. As they have invariably remained for many centuries beneath the soil, they have acquired singularly beautiful tones of grey, green and blue—and no one would dream of attempting to remove this evidence of their antiquity—except, I am told, the Chinese themselves who, when they presented Queen Victoria with the bronze vase loaned to this exhibition by H.M. the King (No. 1 in the catalogue), removed this incrustation—and in so doing removed something of its crisp outline. But when we admire, as we do, these delicate colours, we are admiring something the original owners never saw and never dreamed of. When we look at a picture, or, indeed, anything else, we like to see it, not covered with the stains of centuries, but as near its original state as possible. Ancient bronzes are the sole objects, as far as I know, to which we are all agreed the ravages of time add new and unexpected beauty.



PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**THE HEREDITARY OWNER OF THE COCOS: MR. JOHN CLUNIES ROSS AND HIS WIFE.**  
The British Government this year handed over the administration of the Cocos-Keeling Islands to Australia. Mr. John Clunies Ross, whose family have owned the Cocos since 1827, recently signed an agreement with the Australian High Commissioner for 340 acres for an air base.



**SIR JOHN COCKCROFT.**  
The Nobel Prize for Physics has been divided between Sir John Cockcroft, Director, Atomic Research Energy Establishment, Harwell, and Professor E. T. S. Walton. Sir John had, before this award, been invited by the Swedish Academy of Science to lecture on December 2.



**PROFESSOR E. T. S. WALTON.**  
The Nobel Prize for Physics of £11,175 has been divided between Professor E. T. S. Walton, of Dublin University, and Sir John Cockcroft, with whom he has worked, for "their pioneer work on the transmutation of atomic nuclei by artificially accelerated atomic particles."



**MR. FREDERICK LESSORE.**  
Died on November 14, aged seventy-two. A sculptor and art expert, he was proprietor of the Beaux Arts Gallery, which he founded. A member of a distinguished family of French artists domiciled in England, he modelled many statues and busts of eminent people in Canada and England.



**MR. M. P. KOIRALA.**  
The new Prime Minister of Nepal and the leader of the Congress Party. On Nov. 11 the resignation of several Congress ministers brought about the downfall of the hereditary Prime Minister, Maharaja Mohun Shamsher Rana, head of the Rana family, who have held power since 1867.



**MAHARAJA MOHUN SHAMSHER RANA, HEREDITARY PRIME MINISTER OF NEPAL UNTIL HIS RECENT FALL.**  
Since 1867, the Rana family have held the effective power in Nepal, supplying from their ranks the Hereditary Prime Minister. On November 11, as the result of action by the Nepalese Congress Party, the present holder, Maharaja Mohun Shamsher Rana resigned and fell from power.



**SIR WILLIAM J. MCKELL.**  
Formerly Premier of New South Wales, and the first Australian to be appointed Governor-General and C.-in-C. of the Commonwealth of Australia, Sir William J. McKell received the honour of a knighthood at an audience of the King on November 9 and was invested with the insignia of a G.C.M.G.



**MR. C. N. STIRLING.**  
Appointed British Ambassador to Chile, Mr. Charles Norman Stirling will shortly take up his post. He has been Consul-General in Tangier since 1949, and was previously Counsellor at the British Embassy, Lisbon. From 1939-42 he was head of a department in the Ministry of Economic Warfare.



**THE PRIME MINISTER AS GRANDFATHER: MR. AND MRS. CHURCHILL ON THE PINK TERRACE AT CHARTWELL, WITH FIVE OF THEIR GRANDCHILDREN.**  
This delightful recent photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Churchill at Chartwell, the Premier complete with siren-suit, cigar and initialled slippers, shows: (On Mr. Churchill's knee) Emma, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Soames, her brother Nicholas being on the cushion in front; at Mrs. Churchill's right is Winston II., son of Mr. Randolph Churchill; and on her left, his sister, Arabella. On the ground (left) is Julian, son of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Sandys.



**SIR ALEXANDER FLEMING.**  
Elected Rector of Edinburgh University on November 9 by 1096 votes (436 more than the Aga Khan, who was second), Sir Alexander Fleming, F.R.S., Emeritus Professor of Bacteriology, University of London, since 1946, is the discoverer of penicillin. He has been honoured in many lands.



**MAJOR-GENERAL SIR C. H. BOUCHER.**  
Died on his way to hospital on November 15. Major-General Sir C. H. Boucher, D.S.O. and Bar, was born in 1898, educated at Wellington College and commissioned in the Gurkha Rifles. He served in both World Wars, was captured in the Western Desert, but escaped from Italy. He was invalided home from Malaya in 1948.



**GENERAL PERÓN VOTES IN THE ARGENTINA ELECTIONS—THE FIRST IN WHICH A PRESIDENT HAS SOUGHT RE-ELECTION. HIS PREVIOUS ELECTION WAS IN 1946.**  
The Argentina elections were held on November 11, when 3,764,348 persons went to the polls, women voting for the first time in the country's history. Although Socialists, Democrats and Communists put up candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, Perón's only real opponents were the Radicals. General Perón won a sweeping victory, with a majority of over 1,500,000.



**KING TALAL OF JORDAN IN MECCA: HIS MAJESTY KISSING THE BLACK STONE IN KAABA, THE HOLY MOSQUE. HIS SON, THE CROWN PRINCE HUSSEIN, IS STANDING BEHIND HIM.**  
King Talal of Jordan, at the cordial invitation of King Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud, chose Saudi Arabia as the first country to visit after his accession to the throne, and it is thought that this may mark the first step towards ending the feud between the Saudi and the Hashemite dynasties. King Talal's itinerary during his visit included Mecca and Medina and Riyadh, the Saudi Arabian capital.





# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



## WOMEN'S HOUR.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT would be most pleasant to have together in the same cast Mary Martin, Irene Worth, Barbara Couper, Ellen Pollock and Mildred Seymour, though the choice of play would be a problem. I name them because they have governed the last weeks in the theatre. When I mention any specific production I remember immediately one of these actresses; and the memory is likely to remain with me in future to the exclusion of the rest of the play.

Mary Martin, for example. She presents a nurse, Ensign Nellie, in "South Pacific," at Drury Lane, the musical piece that we were told from New York—in now familiarly hyperbolic terms would be an

performance: its sonorous young Othello (Douglas Campbell) and its envenomed Iago (Paul Rogers), though on the way to excellence, lack as yet the final weight. But Irene Worth is there to excite our sympathy as few Desdemonas have done, and without reducing the part to a flaxen doll. Miss Worth persuades us that the girl, Brabantio's daughter, might indeed have made that daring Venetian marriage. She has strength as well as pathos. And the actress does not rest heavily upon such a show-piece as the Willow Song, which is here purely incidental. She

has the right sort of backing in Coral Browne's Emilia; never-over-driven, a true, straight performance of a living woman, not just a projection of an effective stage part. For the second successive "Othello" revival the women rule.

Then Barbara Couper in the all-feminine play, "Women of Twilight," brought now to the Vaudeville from Swiss Cottage. This creature, Helen Allstair, who plies her uncommonly vile trade—baby-farming and other matters—some-where in or near

sure. It had seemed clear enough at the Embassy that this battering-ram drama would force its way West: the call for Sylvia Rayman at the Vaudeville first night was loud and spontaneous. The piece is lurid, over-stated. Maybe. But at any rate it is not afraid of being theatrical, and we can afford to be shocked out of our seats now and again. The acting, too, is amply satisfying—especially, as I say, by Miss Couper in villainy; and also by Rene Ray as the loyal partner of a condemned man; Joslin Parlane, as a girl who might have been pallid and is not; Vida Hope as a lisping tornado; and Miriam Karlin as a Jewess with a cherry-velvet warmth.

Ellen Pollock appears in "Andronicus" (Irving) as a suitable colleague for Miss Couper's Helen Allstair. The piece is a contraction of Shakespeare's very early bloodshot drama of "Titus Andronicus." The young Lavinia is mutilated; her father, Titus, loses his hand; and Tamora, Queen of Goths, unwarily feasts on her sons ("Why, there they are both, baked in that pie," observes Titus), all in the space of half an hour. This is done because "Andronicus" is the fifth play in a Grand Guignol programme, a night of clotted horrors. The early ones hardly count, with the exception of a monologue in which Griffith Jones (who speaks his own work) can communicate an over-mastering fear. As for the Shakespeare abridgement though collectors are glad to meet this Tamora, a raging tigress—Ellen Pollock rages with enthusiasm—they will be happier when they can see the piece done in full, if once only, with some care and imagination, before it goes back for ever to the cellar-depths. A "Titus" without the figure of Aaron the Moor can hardly be counted.

Last, I mentioned Mildred Seymour. She is the pianist who sits patiently by during the act of the Three Wiers Brothers in "Peep Show," the Palladium revue. The Wiers Brothers, happy clowns, win us by being self-consciously comic and then beaming with pleasure at themselves and us. They approach their nonsense with great deliberation and care. It



"I'M GONNA WASH THAT MAN RIGHT OUTA MY HAIR": ENSIGN NELLIE FORBUSH (MARY MARTIN) SINGING ONE OF HER GREAT HITS, WITH THE CHORUS OF NURSES, IN "SOUTH PACIFIC," AT DRURY LANE.

earth-shaker. By this time, with some playgoers, a certain defence mechanism clicks into gear whenever a piece is over-lauded before it arrives; and "South Pacific" did not get through every defence. Certainly it does not bear comparison with the gay and surprising "Oklahoma!" Its plot (Oscar Hammerstein 2nd and Joshua Logan) lunges into dullness—there is a good deal about the colour bar and a good deal about the Pacific war—and it is short of those spectacular flares, those swoops and swirls, that we look for now at Drury Lane. Moreover, there is not even much dancing. I had expected some astonishing outbreak of native rites on the island of Bali Ha'i; but the promise, once made, was sharply withdrawn. The isle that likes to be visited (and about which Muriel Smith has a haunting melody) keeps itself firmly to itself.

We are left, then, with the score, strong undoubtedly in the kind of Richard Rodgers song that hovers about the mind until we are forced to hum or whistle; with the comedy of Ray Walston, who has developed a throbbing, purring drawl (hear him say "Sir-r-r"); and, above the rest, with Mary Martin, who snatches up Drury Lane and shakes it. Here is energy; here is attack. She washes that man right outa her hair, and she has a shower-bath and soapsud-lather while she sings. She is "in love with a wonderful guy" and lets us know it. She frisks through the play with the sun full upon her, a gleam and a flash. It is hard to believe that this was the decorous singer of Coward's "Pacific 1860" more than four years ago. We hope, at the tail of the night, that Ensign Nellie will be able to settle down with her Planter with a Past (to whom she says, reasonably enough, at one point: "I always think it's interesting why a person kills another person.") For Mary Martin's sake, and for the Rodgers' songs, we welcome "South Pacific"; but we might have welcomed it twice as loudly if we had not been told, from New York, that it is four times as good as it is.

Next in our dream of fair women is Irene Worth. Her Desdemona at the Old Vic has probably established a legend. The new "Othello," directed with alert understanding by Michael Langham, may not be a major

Hampstead, would be a charming wife for Iago. She exploits unmarried mothers with a callous brutality. Her effrontery dazes. I wish that Sylvia Rayman (the young dramatist who has now given so imperative a rap at the door of the West End theatre) had permitted Barbara Couper to be carted away from our sight by a police-officer. We must presume that it happens, and that Helen finds the road to Holloway; but it would be pleasant to make



WITH "BLOODY MARY'S" STALL OF POLYNESIAN PRODUCTS IN THE BACKGROUND: ENSIGN NELLIE FORBUSH (MARY MARTIN) AND U.S. SAILORS AND MARINES. THE ISLAND BALI HA'I IS IN THE DISTANCE. A SCENE FROM THE BROADWAY HIT, "SOUTH PACIFIC," WHICH IS NOW RUNNING AT DRURY LANE.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"A CALL ON THE WIDOW" (New Boltons).—James Doran's anecdote of a very odd murder investigation in remoter East Anglia, played suitably by Cecile Chevreau, David Markham, and Julian Somers. (October 29—Nov. 11.)

"THIRD PERSON" (Arts).—An American case-history, by Andrew Rosenthal, acted persuasively by such people as Roger Livesey, Ursula Jeans and—as the third side of a queer stage triangle—Denholm Elliott. (October 30.)

"OTHELLO" (Old Vic).—Ladies' Night in Cyprus. Irene Worth's Desdemona and Coral Browne's Emilia bear the honours of an otherwise good average revival. (October 31.)

PEARL PRIMUS (Princes).—An urgent, indefatigable Negro dancer and her company. (October 31.)

"SOUTH PACIFIC" (Drury Lane).—Preliminary New York reports of this American musical play were needlessly lavish. We are grateful for the Richard Rodgers tunes—they include "Wonderful Guy" and "Some Enchanted Evening"—and for the happy exuberance of Mary Martin. (November 1.)

GRAND GUIGNOL (Irving).—Five would-be hair-raisers, the last a smash-and-grab raid on "Titus Andronicus." (November 6.)

"WOMEN OF TWILIGHT" (Vaudeville).—Sylvia Rayman's drama of a guest-house for unmarried mothers, with its unscrupulous hostess, is as intense—in its lurid way—as anything since "No Room at the Inn." (November 7.)

"MAGNOLIA STREET STORY" (Embassy).—Emanuel Litvinoff tries and, I fear, fails to give an impression of scenes from Louis Golding's "Doomington" novel, "Magnolia Street." A dawdling production helps to frustrate the attempt. (November 8.)

is a calculated craziness that manages to ring every bell. And the tall and gracious Miss Seymour—"little Miss Seymour" as they call her blandly—sits at the piano, endures their wanderings around her, and supervises their vagaries at the microphone, with a smile that is at once philosophic and affectionate. An agreeable soul, little Miss Seymour; she must have her place in the women's gallery.

If I am to add another name at the end, I choose Janette Scott. Not, by any means, that she dominates the play in which she appears—the queer, uneasy drama of parasitism, "Third Person," at the Arts—but she is so natural, so unaffected, as a young American schoolgirl that all must hope she will keep her naturalness and not wane into early sophistication.



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## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

EVERYONE must have observed how unilluminating, how actually misleading it can be to know the subject of a work of fiction, if you don't know the author. This week there are two striking instances; and each is what I am inclined to call a let-off. That is, the subject threatens an austerity of which we find the author incapable.

"The Lonely Bride," by Pamela Hinkson (Collins; 10s. 6d.), is an Irish story. It is concerned, to quote the jacket, with "the character of Anne Pollen . . . her frustration in love because she has chosen the wrong husband, the First World War in which her favourite son is killed, and an accumulation of terror in the Irish Rising of 1916 and its aftermath." Which might well stand for an intimidating mixture of the grim and dreary. It is all quite true. And one would hardly think the Troubles and the Civil War could bulk so large, without a single harsh note. Yet so it is; the author has subdued her theme till even national conspiracy and mass murder are turned to favour and to prettiness.

Anne is a scion of the old nobility, sprung from the Norman and the Gael, Irish for 700 years; she is a native princess at heart. And on her coming-out in Dublin, she is pursued by Fergus O'Carragh, a prince of her own breed. But she is then too young to love. Her mother, who has felt the drawbacks of romance and learnt the value of security, directs her choice to Robert Pollen, a rich and safe young suitor of Cromwellian lineage. So Anne becomes the chatelaine of Pollen's Gift, a lovely stronghold of Plantation on the Anglo-Irish side of Lough Scarr. While on the far side lies O'Carragh's Castle, in the Irish pale. Anne is attached to Robert and his house, but soon she comes to realise that it is not her home. Her true home is across the water; the rejected Fergus is her true mate.

Yet now, for honour's sake, there can be no return. And she has still a rôle in life. She can bring Ireland into Pollen's Gift, gently convert her husband, wear away the old grudge, effect a revolution from within. And she succeeds in part. There is a time of hope, when English policy has changed and when it seems that Ireland may be happy. But the Irish choice is not happiness. Anne has been labouring in vain; her sense of fellowship is mocked, her class is doomed. Yet there is something left; she has preserved her own house, as she and Fergus have preserved their love. As that is haloed with romance, so Pollen's Gift is haloed with immunity.

So there is much romantic sadness, not a grain of discomfort. We are moving in a charmed circle—charmed by the lovely country, and the spacious days, and the delicious life, and by the atmosphere of kindness. No one is really bad. It may be said that no one is profoundly studied, and that the beauty is laid on too thick. The faults are certainly in that direction—but it is the grateful side, after all.

"The Last Revolution," by Lord Dunsany (Jarrolds; 9s. 6d.), will not be given credit for original ideas, or an original idea, if it is judged in outline. Its text is the perversity of the machine age, the perils of scientific progress. That we have heard before. And we have heard of artificial monsters, of rebellious robots, almost too frequently. Here we become acquainted with another. It is club chat—indifferent, incidental chat—that Ablard Pender has "made a brain." He made it of the finest wire, added a good supply of hands and has found that it can beat him at chess. And no one really cares but the narrator, who is much alarmed. But Pender has no sense of risk; his monster, when completed, is to be the slave of humanity. The next thing will be legs, and he has thought of four. With that, the crab-like super-brain is fully mobile, and he puts it to work. It has the freedom of a furnace in the Essex marshes, and a stock of fuel and iron, and it reproduces like mad.

And then, of course, it bursts out as a revolutionary leader. There is a great revolt of the machines, a perilous hour. . . . However, I shall say no more of that. I don't think many "scientific" thrillers could be called lovable, which is the adjective for Lord Dunsany's. True, it is also laughable, for the same reason: because machines are right out of his orbit. He is so humane that he can form no idea of them; at least he can't persuade himself that they are quite mechanical. This is a bad look-out for exact science. But it is the right mood of fairy-tale; he has composed a fairy-tale adventure, simple indeed, but genial and flowing, and most solicitous of human life.

"An Evening at the Larches," by Harry Hearson and J. C. Trewin (Paul Elek; 7s. 6d.), does not partake of that virtue; indeed, its chief and sinister distinction is to be without it. The dinner-party at The Larches—or, as you might say, Castle Glasty—is à l'outrance. And what would you expect, when Jasper Houstance and his wife Lucrezia, their sweet child Paranoia and their butler Beetle, are entertaining such a posse as Count Dracula, the Duke of Drummonde "Bulldog," to his intimates, old Lady Endor, and Sir John Ghoul? What but a witch's brew of ultra-Gothic density, resulting in a clean sweep?

The atmosphere in this grave parody of the horrific could be cut with a knife. Once, long ago, I met with something in a stone flask which was reported to be Chinese wine. No one could possibly have tried to drink it; but the deathly smell, the bouquet as of old corruption, was a lasting experience. Sometimes you get a whiff like that in Poe. And at The Larches it is the native air.

"An Axe to Grind," by A. A. Fair (Heinemann; 9s. 6d.), features the "private operatives" Cool and Lam. Cool is a grim rhinoceros-like female; the narrator Lam has just returned from the Pacific. And their new client proves to be a girl intent on home-breaking. She wants some data on the wife—especially on her negotiations with the owner of a certain building, which contains the Rimley Rendezvous, a haunt of vice in the afternoon. And as Lam's cases have a knack of developing into "the big stuff," the owner's corpse is next discovered in the bathroom of a Rimley glamour-girl. There is great play, additionally, with the legal aspects of a road accident. But it is the technique—the Cool and Lam act, and the sprightly dialogue—that keeps one amused.

K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## "DIZZY."

DISRAELI is, of course, a natural for the biographer. A life of that remarkable and colourful personality almost writes itself. His epigrams, his books, his speeches are part and parcel of the politico-literary history of this country. In addition, his career itself was a paradox which appealed to "Dizzy's" sense of the dramatic. Here was a Jew as flamboyant in his dress as his imagination was Oriental in its exuberance, without money and without influence, becoming the leader of the country gentlemen of England, the party of Anglicanism, while his great rival, Gladstone, the devout High Churchman, led the party which drew the bulk of its strength from Nonconformity and Radicalism. So any biographer setting out to write a life of Disraeli starts with advantages. In the hands of so skilled a biographer as Mr. Hesketh Pearson, the subject is made to glow with life.

His "Dizzy" (Methuen; 21s.) is one of the best biographies of the great Conservative statesman I have read—and I think I can claim to have read nearly all. Mr. Pearson's sympathy with his hero is as strong as his antipathy to Gladstone is obvious. He quotes the great Socialist Hyndman: "Why Mr. Gladstone, who changed his opinions whenever it suited his convenience, after turning from the extreme Toryism to advanced Liberalism, should have been credited with the highest political morality, while Disraeli, who, having once chosen his party, stuck to it all his life without the slightest shadow of turning, was regarded as a man of few scruples, I am at a loss to understand." That "Dizzy" was fundamentally sincere there can be little doubt. It so happened that the things which he abominated—self-righteousness, moral indignation, "democratic enthusiasm and religious emotionalism"—were just the qualities most admired by the newly enfranchised and newly enriched middle classes of Victorian England. Gladstone, who for smug hypocrisy almost comes in the Oliver Cromwell class, was, in his way, the perfect expression of Victorian England. It was all the more remarkable that Disraeli, possessing no advantages of birth or fortune, should have succeeded in triumphing over one of whom "Labby" said: "I do not object to Gladstone always having the Ace of Trumps up his sleeve, but merely to his belief that God Almighty put it there." "Dizzy's" life is so fascinating that his admirers of a later age will find it difficult to choose their favourite aspect when all are so remarkable. All that is best in modern Toryism stems from "Dizzy," and the lessons he had to teach are neglected or forgotten by the Conservative Party only at its peril. It is curious that one who so greatly influenced the political thought of one of the great parties in the State should not have been a deep political philosopher in the formal sense. Perhaps this was an advantage. "Dizzy" was an instinctive political thinker, and therein lay his strength. He caught the mood of his time. He glimpsed the abiding realities of politics. He saw clearly the enduring fundamentals of national greatness. Where Gladstone poured out the spirit of Victorian middle-class England in great floods of demonic verbosity, Disraeli, with the carefully cultivated inscrutability of the Sphinx, was laying the foundations of modern Toryism. Nobody knows what Gladstone said in 1884. I suspect nobody now cares. But the student of politics can scarcely approach his subject without finding Disraeli cropping up at every turn. Mr. Hesketh Pearson has added another to the long list of his biographical successes, and I for one am indebted to him.

Mr. Douglas Reed is often penetrating, occasionally prophetic, sometimes disturbing and always readable. His latest book, "Far and Wide" (Cape; 16s.), is a description of journeys which he has made across and across the United States from coast to coast, and from the Mexican to the Canadian border. It is an excellent and readable bit of reporting, and those who agree with Mr. Reed that the pattern of the future is being created in that vast, ebullient, youthful country, will find his book a most admirable guide to their thinking on this subject.

Miss Freya Stark (Mrs. Stewart Perowne) is, of course, in the great tradition of British Orientalists. For some curious reason the Middle East, and particularly Arabia, has cast a lively spell over members of the opposite sex. Gertrude Bell, Rosita Forbes, Freya Stark are names which immediately spring to mind. Miss Stark, in the second instalment of her autobiography, "Beyond Euphrates" (Murray; 25s.), carries her personal story from 1928 to 1933—years when she was establishing herself as an Arabist and Orientalist of the front rank. Miss Stark says that she never met Gertrude Bell, and that had she done so "Gertrude Bell might not have been kind to me—she was said not to have been fond of female Arabists." The book is embellished with some quite admirable photographs, and even those who do not know the Middle East or have not fallen under its spell, will be greatly taken with this interesting and self-revealing account of a remarkable woman. They will look forward, as I do, to the next instalment.

Mr. Winston Churchill says in his book on painting (and what a remarkable *tour de force* that is!) that he made little progress until he was advised (I think by Lady Lavery) to "attack" the canvas and treat painting almost as if it were a cavalry charge. There is a Churchillian "attack" in Mr. Gerald Brenan's approach to the subject of "The Literature of the Spanish People" (Cambridge University Press; 40s.). This is not merely an interesting and scholarly book. It is a lively and personal approach to the Spanish mind. Spain, after being cut off from the Western World by the Civil War, is now being rediscovered. Anyone who wishes to understand what makes the Spaniards "tick" could do worse than read Mr. Brenan's book.

I like people who saunter round London in a literary manner. Miss Theodora Benson has produced what she calls a "ragbag book and random indeed" in "London Immortals" (Wingate; 15s.). It takes the form of a historical sentimental journey through the main quarters of the capital. It is witty, scholarly and presents not merely a host of old friends such as Pepys, Evelyn and Dr. Johnson, but a number of less familiar ones as well. Nicolas Bentley has produced some delightful drawings in his cheerful manner with which to illustrate it.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

RARELY do we see a game played at odds nowadays. The giving of odds at chess is one of those manifold customs, prevalent through the centuries, which have been abandoned within living memory. A favourite explanation is: "The general level of defensive play is so high that the average first-class amateur would defeat the master even at the odds of a single pawn." I myself am rather dubious of this. It might be, rather, that the number of chessplayers, and of their tournaments, has so multiplied that there is no longer any need for a player to go right outside his class to secure opponents.

Part of the legacy of the past consists of beautiful games played at odds which, because games are played at odds no more, are completely forgotten and never quoted. Here are two, which reveal how much we are denying ourselves:

Played in London in 1833, White (A. Macdonnell) starting without his queen's knight:

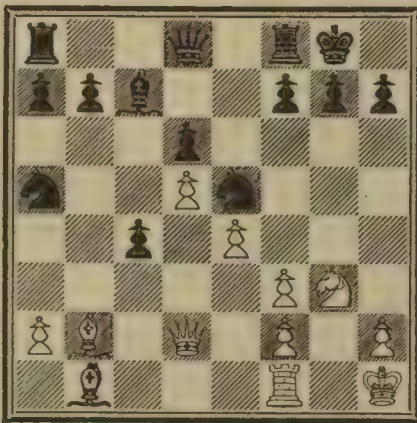
- |            |        |           |         |
|------------|--------|-----------|---------|
| 1. P-K4    | P-K4   | 7. Q-B2   | Castles |
| 2. Kt-KB3  | Kt-QB3 | 8. B-R3   | R-K1    |
| 3. B-B4    | B-B4   | 9. P-Q4   | P-Q4    |
| 4. P-QKt4  | B×KtP  | 10. KP×P  | KKt×P   |
| 5. P-B3    | B-R4   | 11. P×P   | Kt×BP?  |
| 6. Castles | Kt-KB3 | 12. QR-Q1 |         |

Inaugurating a combination whose beauty can none too often have been matched in the 118 years which have since passed by.

- |           |      |               |       |
|-----------|------|---------------|-------|
| 12.       | Kt×R | 15. R×Bch     | Q×R   |
| 13. R×Kt  | B-Q2 | 16. Kt-Kt5ch  | K-Kt1 |
| 14. B×Pch | K×B  | 17. Q×P mate. |       |

In the next game, played at Breslau in 1865, Zukertort (White) started without his queen's rook.

- |            |        |            |         |
|------------|--------|------------|---------|
| 1. P-K4    | P-K4   | 10. B-Q3   | B-Kt5   |
| 2. Kt-KB3  | Kt-QB3 | 11. Kt-K2  | B×Kt    |
| 3. B-B4    | B-B4   | 12. P×B    | Kt-K2   |
| 4. P-QKt4  | B×KtP  | 13. P-Q5   | P-QB4   |
| 5. P-B3    | B-R4   | 14. B-Kt2  | Castles |
| 6. P-Q4    | P×P    | 15. K-R1   | B-B2    |
| 7. Castles | B-Kt3  | 16. Q-Q2   | P-B5    |
| 8. P×P     | P-Q3   | 17. B-Kt1  | Kt-Kt3  |
| 9. Kt-B3   | Kt-R4  | 18. Kt-Kt3 | Kt-K4   |



White now asks to be forked, and Black, who cannot see the snag in it, duly obliges.

- |           |       |            |      |
|-----------|-------|------------|------|
| 19. R-Kt1 | Kt×P? | 20. Kt-B5! | Kt×R |
|-----------|-------|------------|------|

Since 20. . . Kt×Q would permit 21. Kt-R6ch, K-R1; 22. B×P mate, Black decides to take the rook instead.

- |           |
|-----------|
| 21. Q-R6! |
|-----------|

and Black resigns, for if 21. . . P×Q, there comes 22. Kt×P mate.



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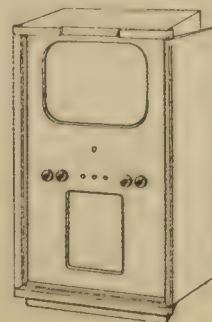
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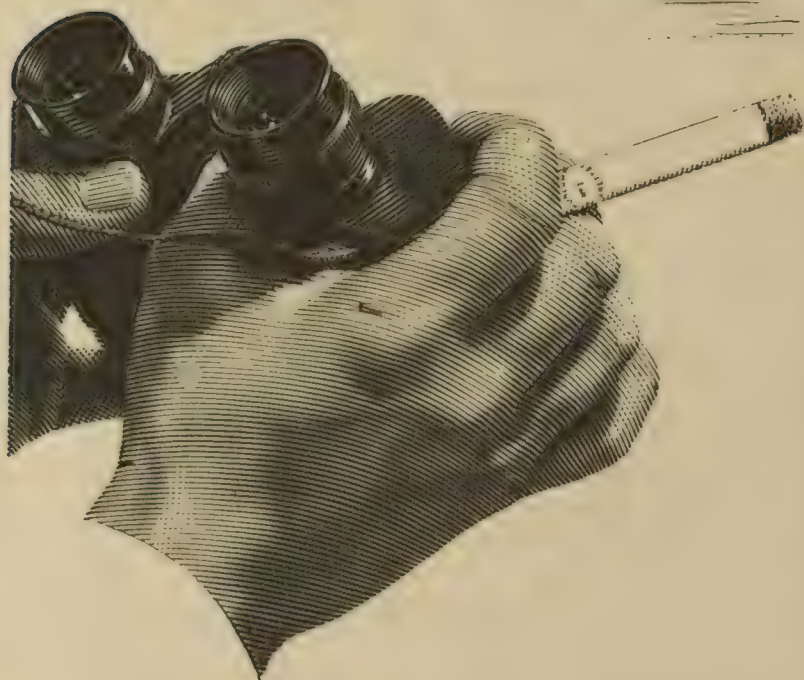
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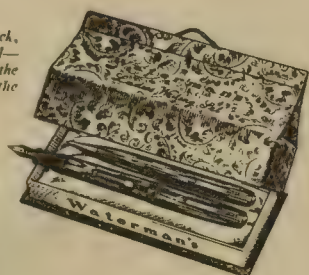
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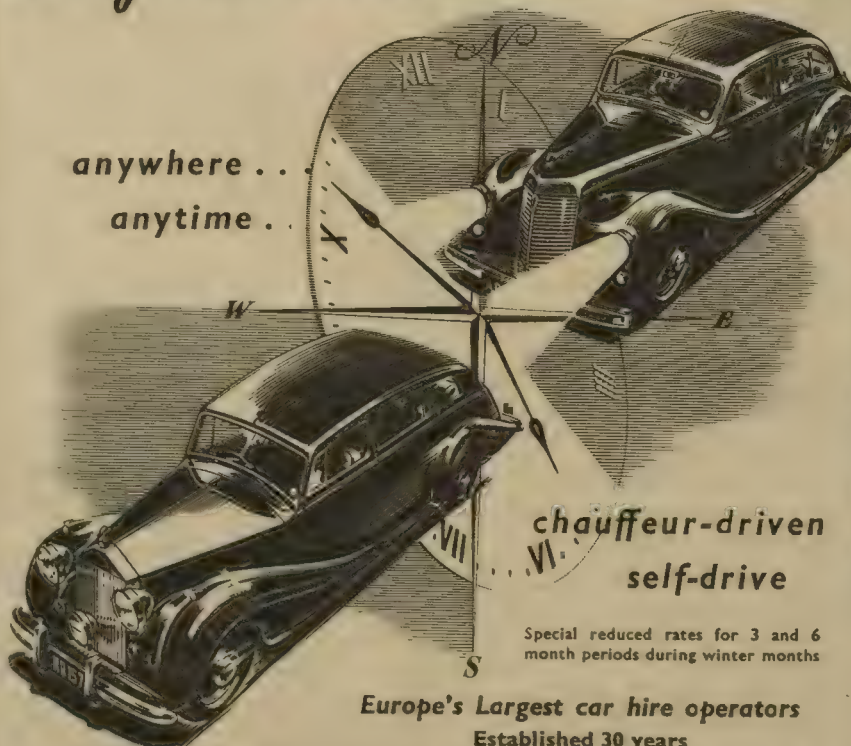
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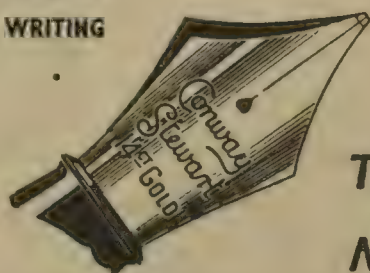
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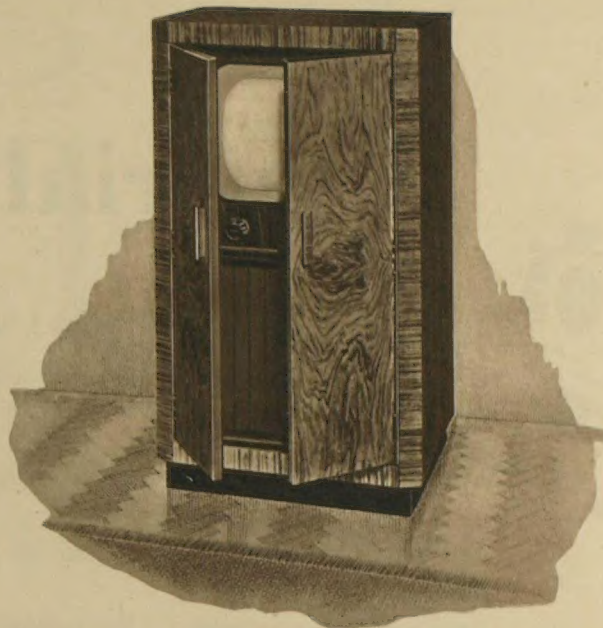
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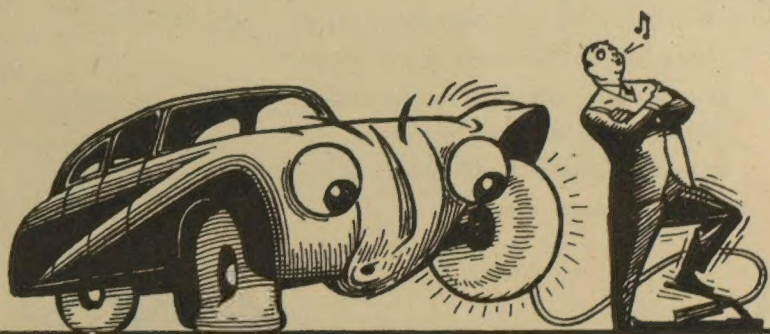
Finished in carefully selected figured walnut, it has full-length doors which, when closed, completely conceal the tube face and loudspeaker grille—an important feature for those who know that fine instruments should also be fine furniture.

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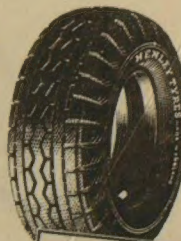
Miles-Per-Tyre figures drop, costs climb when tyre-pressures waver. Under-inflation leads to over-flexing, fabric ruptures, early failure. Over-inflation causes rapid tread wear and casing fractures. Check pressures regularly; you'll see a difference in M.P.T.

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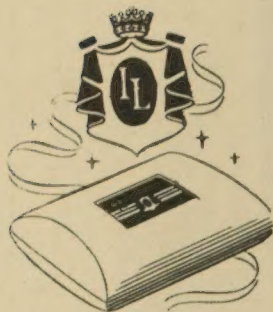
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## WHITBREAD'S ENGLAND



THE EARLY VICTORIAN PERIOD. The young Queen who was to reign so long was just coming to womanhood. She still went riding with "dear" Lord Melbourne and took his advice in everything; Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha had not yet appeared on the scene.

Women's clothes had settled down to a new simplicity, one might almost say a new submissiveness. Their hair was dressed low, the little poke bonnets fitted closely and modestly to the head. Formality was the keynote of men's clothes; trousers, often buckled under the boots, were now universal. The top-hat, usually very high, was worn by every man. Soldiers' uniforms, such as that of the officer in the Black Watch shown in the picture, continued, in the absence of war, to grow more and more elaborate. This is the age of Dickens. When he was a young reporter he travelled by coach all over the South of England compiling his gallery of immortal portraits, with their background of English life—its stable yards, country inns and forthright manners. It was a time when men could talk of a "noble brew" and do it full justice; happily they can do the same today—with Whitbread's beer.

